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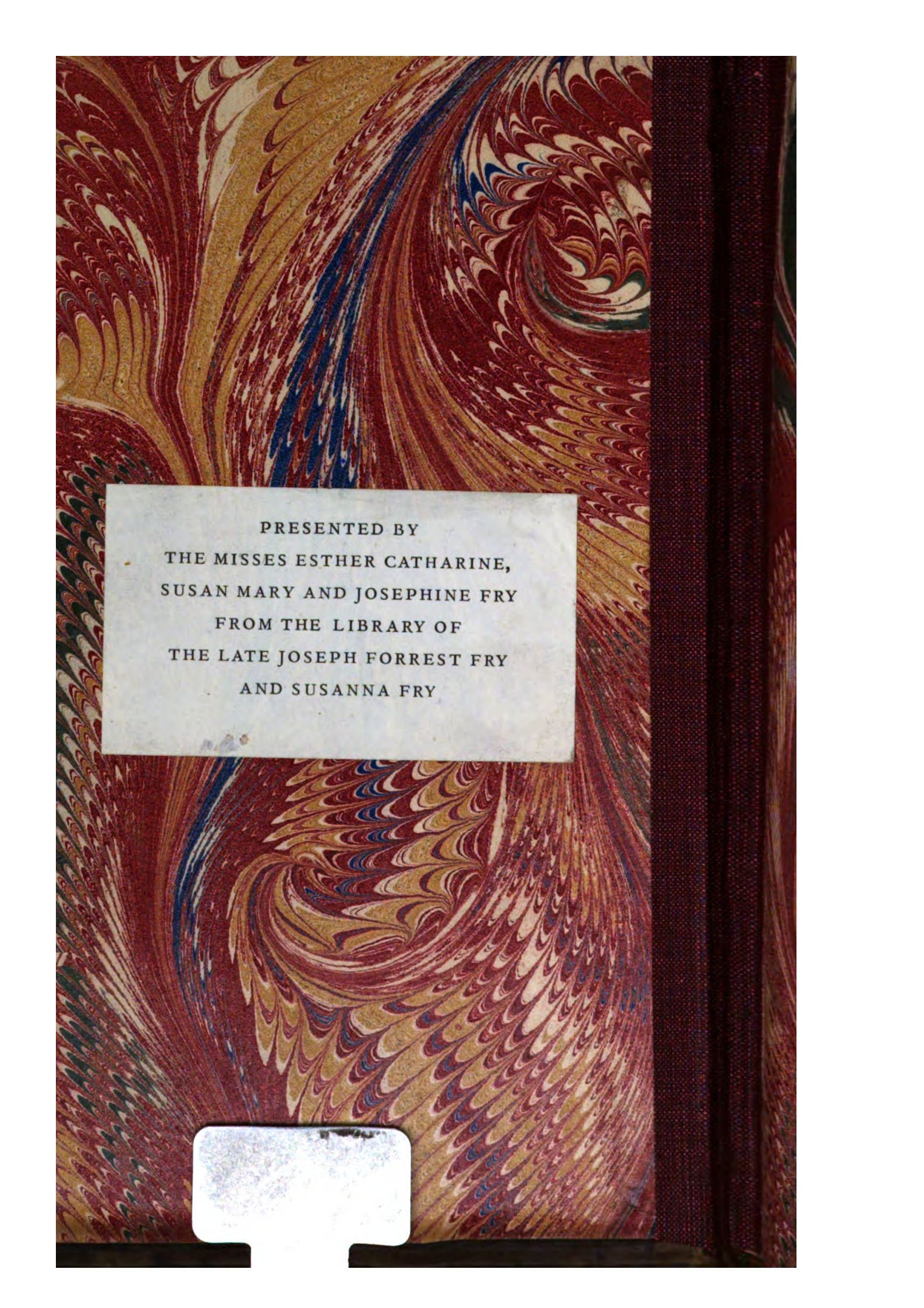
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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a complex marbled paper pattern in shades of red, brown, gold, and blue. A central white rectangular label contains the following text:

PRESENTED BY
THE MISSES ESTHER CATHARINE,
SUSAN MARY AND JOSEPHINE FRY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
THE LATE JOSEPH FORREST FRY
AND SUSANNA FRY

At the bottom center of the cover, there is a small, white, rectangular tag with rounded corners, which appears to be a library or archival label, though its text is illegible. The book's spine is visible on the right side, bound in a dark, textured material.

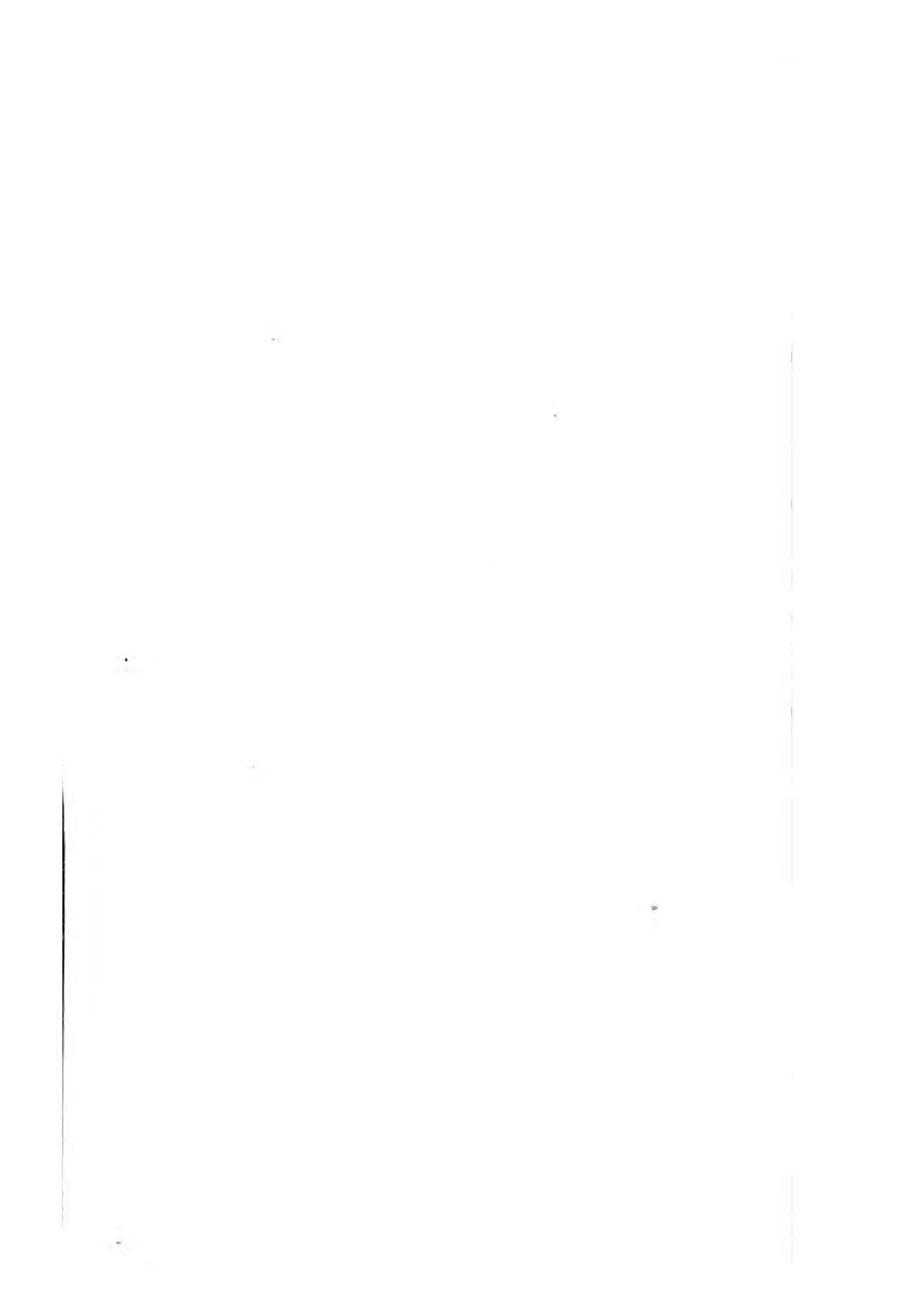


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XJ89

Ellen Frances





Temple & Sacred

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE
Works of George Herbert
CONTAINING HIS TEMPLE, SACRED
POEMS AND PRIVATE
EJACULATIONS



“ In his Temple doth every man speak of his
honour.” *Psalm xxix.*



Engraved by G. H. H. from a sketch by G. H. H.

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THE WORKS OF

George **H**erbert

IN PROSE AND VERSE

VOL. II.



London

WILLIAM PICKERING

1846





Advertisement.

THE Poems of “the Divine Herbert” will be found in this edition more complete than in any that hath heretofore appeared; they were first printed at Cambridge in 1633, entitled “THE TEMPLE Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, by George Herbert,” with a preface of “The Printers to the Reader,” by Nicholas Ferrar, who was usually called ‘The Protestant Saint Nicholas, and the pious Mr. Herbert’s brother,’ to which are added certain Latin and Greek poems. Of the Temple, it has been remarked by his first biographer, the Rev. Barnabas Oley, that “He that reads Mr. Herbert’s poems attendingly, shall finde not only the excellencies of Scripture Divinitie, and choice passages of the Fathers bound up in meetre; but the doctrine of Rome also finely and strongly confuted; as in the poems ‘To Saints and Angels,’ ‘The British Church,’ ‘The Church Militant,’” &c.

Richard Baxter, in the preface to his Poetical

Fragments (Lond. 1681) says:—"Next to the Scripture Poems, there are none so favourable to me as Mr. George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composition; But (as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so) Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in this world is most with God. Heart-work and Heaven-work make up his books."

Walton states that Herbert, on his death-bed, delivered the Temple to Mr. Edmund Duncon, his executor, with the following injunction: "'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.'" Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of *THE TEMPLE, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*; of which Mr. Ferrar would say, there was the picture of a Divine Soul in every page; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have

done so, for there have been ten thousand of them sold since the first impression.”*

In the life of Dr. Donne, Walton says:—

“ And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted; yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of ‘ The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations,’ a book, in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading

* Izaak Walton published his life of Herbert in 1670. In the fourth edition, 1674, Walton says, that “ there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.” The Temple was first printed at Cambridge, 1633; the second edition the same year; third edition in 1634; fourth edit. 1635; fifth edit. 1638; sixth edit. 1641; seventh edit. 1656; eighth edit. 1660; ninth edit. 1667; tenth edit. 1674; eleventh edit. 1678; twelfth edit. 1703; thirteenth edit. 1709; fourteenth edit. Bristol, 1799; fifteenth edit. Lond. 1805. In the Bodleian Library is a MS. formerly belonging to Abp. Sancroft, and then to Bp. Tanner, entitled, “ The original of Mr. George Herbert’s Temple, as it was at first Licensed for the Presse. W. Sancroft;” beautifully written in folio, the punctuation altered by Sancroft. Dr. Bliss says, that the poems are the same with those ed. 1656, on a slight collation, there does not appear to be any various readings, and but one transposition. On the title is the poetical dedication, and at the bottom, original autographs.—B. Lany *Procan.* Tho. Bainbrigg. M. Wren. William Beale. Tho. Freman. There is also in the same library the following in MS. “ Mr. Herbert’s Temple and Church Militant, explained and improved by a discourse upon each poem, critical and practical, by Geo. Ryley, 1715.”

whereof, and the assistance of that spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and Heaven, and may by still reading still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of the world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments."

Of the Latin poems, three are appended to the original edition of his Remains, two are found in the *Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses* and *Epicidium Cantabrigiense*, and three more are given from autographs in the hands of the publisher. Some others were first printed by Dr. Ja. Duport, Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, at the end of a small volume,* containing other similar pro-

* *Ecclesiastes Solomonis, Auctore Joan. Viviano, Canticum Solomonis: necnon Epigrammata Sacra per Ja. Duportum. Accedunt Georgii Herberti Musæ Responsorix, &c. 1662. In Duport's Musæ Subsecivæ, &c. Camb. 1676, 8vo. are Latin verses addressed to Herbert; also in a volume of Latin Poems by Will. Dillingham, D.D. of Camb. 8vo. 1678, are translations of five of Herbert's, viz. The Church Porch, The Sacrifice, Providence, Charms and Knots, and Man's Medley. In the Poems of Daniel Baker, M.A. 1697, will be found verses "On Mr. George Herbert's Poems, called the Temple." Those by Crashaw and Ford are printed at the end of the Commendatory Verses.*

ductions. They are introduced with this notice, “*Epigrammata quædam pro disciplina Ecclesiæ nostræ Apologetica, aliquot abhinc annis conscripta a Geo. Herberto, at quali et quanto viro et poeta, quam pio, quam ingenioso! de quo præstat omnino tacere quam pauca dicere; præsertim cum eximiam ejus pietatim admirabilis ingenii sale conditam loquetur Templum, loquetur Tempus, loquetur Æternitas. Hæc igitur carmina, polita ad modum et elegantia, τοῦ πατρὸς γνήσια τέχνα, et Auctoris genium plane redolentia, quasi aureæ coronidis (χρυσέην κορώνην Hom.) loco prioribus attexere visum est.*”

The works of Herbert are not extensive; it has therefore been thought advisable to insert in this volume every specimen which remains of him as a poet; although the reader of the present day may not be disposed to agree in the above eulogy on his Latin compositions. The SYNAGOGUE, or the Shadow of the Temple, by the Rev. Christopher Harvey,* first printed 1640, is retained in this edition. By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Blifs, Registrar of the University of Oxford, the publisher is enabled to add a Poem, ascribed to Herbert,† entitled “a Paradox, that the sicke are in a better case then the whole;” and some particulars of C. Harvey. The Notes by the late S. T. Coleridge, printed at the end of this volume, occur in a copy of the Tem-

* See the advertisement before the Synagogue in this edition.

† From a MS. Collection of Poems in the Bodleian Library, chiefly by Cambridge men, and written from 1647 to 1658.

ple which formerly belonged to him, and with whom it was a great favorite. He appears to have contemplated editing a selection, with a few slight alterations of the verse.

The Greek and Latin poems entitled Parentalia, which, having been discovered too late for insertion in the former edition, were attached to the Remains, have, in this edition, been inserted in their proper places: they were found at the end of a Sermon by Dr. Donne, on the death of Lady Danvers, the mother of G. Herbert.

The prose Works of Herbert consist of the Priest to the Temple, Proverbs, Letters, &c. which are printed in a volume uniform with the Poems, with the Life by Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton prefixed, and together form the entire works of Herbert known to be extant.

Piccadilly,
June 30, 1844.



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Commendatory Verses.

A Memorial to the Honourable George Herbert,

Author of the Sacred Poems, who died about anno 1635.*

READ o'er these raptures with a curious eye,
You must conclude, this eagle soared high :
Montgomery Castle was the place where he
Had his first breathing and nativity.
Of that most noble house this hero came,
Who left the world this legacy of fame.
Great saint, unto thy memory and shrine
I owe all veneration, save divine,
For thy rare poems : piety and pen
Speak thee no less than miracle of men.
The graces all, both moral and divine,
In thee concentre, and with thee combine :

* In the Register of Fuggleston and Bemerton, the following entry occurs, " Mr. George Herbert, Esq. Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

xvi *COMMENDATORY VERSES.*

These sacred lessons, set to thy sweet lute,
Was music that would make Apollo mute :
Nay, all those warbling chanters of the spring
Would fit half tame to hear Arion sing.
What province hath produced a greater soul,
Between the arctic and antarctic pole,
Than Wales hath done? where Herbert's church shall be
A lasting pyramid for him and thee.
What father of a church can you rehearse,
That gain'd more souls to God 'twixt prose and verse?
What orator had more magnetic strains?
What poet such a fancy, pen, or brains,
In our great hierarchy? show me the man
That sang more sadly than this dying swan,
This bird of paradise, this glowworm bright,
This philomel, this glory of the night.
Seeing the deluge rage, the clouds still dark,
Restless below, return'd up to the ark,
This sacred dove, before he scaled the skies,
Rarely set forth, the world's great sacrifice;
A melting poem, all the rest so high,
That the dull world may learn to live and die.
Never did pen humane, or earring brain,
Express or vent such a seraphic strain.
You that are poets born, contend and strive,
In spite of death, dead Herbert to revive.
Bring wreaths of larix, an immortal tree,
To Salem's sacred hill, for obsequy.
Parnassus' mount was never so divine,
To turn the muse's water into wine.
The Delphian poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as *major dome*;
And though the bishop and his clerks do boast,
That old false prophet there doth rule the roast.

COMMENDATORY VERSES. xvii

A lasting spring of blood springs near that hill,
There he did bathe ; there you your phials fill.
'Twill melt your hearts to view those desolations ;
Yet from that spring flows highest inspirations.
Therein your annals such encomiums bring
To his memorial, as the doves in spring.
Such moan as Egypt's viceroy once did make
At Abel-Mizraim for his father's sake,
Make your shrill trumpets : from that thorny hill
Benhinnon's valleys with amazement fill.
To the sepulchre go, there sacrifice
The distillations of your hearts and eyes.
When you depart, fall down, and kiss that land,
Where once his master's sacred feet did stand.
No art or engine can you safely trust
To polish him, but his own sacred dust.
Nor can you paint or pencil him too high,
That lived and died without an enemy ;
That left behind him this admired tomb,
But no Elisha in Eliah's room.

An Epitaph upon the Honourable George
Herbert.

YOU weeping marbles, monuments, we trust,
As well with the injurious, as the just.
When your great trust at last shall be resign'd,
And when his noble dust shall be refined :
You shall more gold, myrrh, frankincense return,
Than shall be found in great Augustus' urn.

xviii *COMMENDATORY VERSES.*

He was the wonder of a better age,
The eclipse of this, of empty heads the rage.
Phoenix of Wales, of his great name the glory.
A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
A plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
Worms ne'er shall wither as they did the gourd.

Go, you unborn, bedew dear Herbert's tomb;
No more such babes are in Dame Nature's womb.
No more such blazing comets shall appear,
Nor leave so happy influences here.
Go, thaw your hearts at his celestial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go, you dark poems, dark even as the skies,
Make the scales fall from our dark dazzling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our sight,
Glowworms to glitter in the most gloomy night.
About those glorious regions he is fled,
Where once St. Paul was rapt and ravished.

Here a divine, prophet, and poet lies,
That laid up manna for posterities.

P. D. Esq.

The Church Militant.

THE Church's progress is a masterpiece,
Limn'd to the life, of Egypt, Rome, and Greece:
Wherein he gives the conclave such a blow,
They ne'er received from either friend or foe.

England and France do bear an equal share
In his predictions, which time will declare ;
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
Impudent finning, cruelty, distrust ;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn,
Here's damned oaths, that cause the land to mourn ;
And here's oppression, marks of future bane,
And here's hypocrisy, the counterpane.
Here's love of guineas, curst root of all,
And here's religion turn'd up to the wall :
And could we see with Herbert's eagle eyes,
Without checkmate religion westward flies.
A most sad sacrifice was made of late
Of God's poor lambs by Pharisaic hate.
For discipline with doctrine so to jar,
Was just like bringing justice to the bar.
Was it the will, or judgment, or commands,
Of the great pilot for to pass the sands ;
Well may we hope, that our quick-sighted state
Will take God's grievance into a debate.
Cathedral priests long since have laid about
Hammer and tongs, to drive religion out.
Her grace and majesty makes them so afraid,
They cry content, and so espouse her maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaste, divine they say,
She loves their sons, that sing our sins away.
Could we but count the thousands every year
These dreams consume, the music is too dear.
When Eli's sons made luxury their god,
Their widows named their posthumes Icabod.
They both were slain, God's sacred ark was lost,
Though they had with it a most mighty host.
Well may ingratitude make us all mourn ;
Pearls we receive, poor pebbles we return.

On Mr. G. Herbert's Book,
Entituled, the Temple of Sacred Poems,
Sent to a Gentlewoman.

KNOW you faire, on what you looke ;
Divineſt Love lies in this booke :
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his ſacrifice.
When your Hands untie theſe ſtrings,
Think you have an Angel by th' wings.
One that gladly will bee nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well-perfumed Prayer.
Theſe white Plumes of his heele lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will fend you :
To take acquaintance of the *ſpheare*,
And all the ſmooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though *Herbert's* name doe owe
Theſe Devotions, faireſt ; know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white Hand, they are mine.

R. Craſhaw, Steps to the Temple 1646.

Lines with Herbert's Poems.

THE *Poet's* now become a *Prieſt*, and layes
His Poem at your feet, expects no *Bayes*
But your *acceptance* ; *kind'le* it with your eyes,
And make this *offering* prove a *ſacrifice*.

xxii *COMMENDATORY VERSES.*

The Vestal fire that's in your breast, will burn
Up all his drosse, and make it *Incense* turne ;
And then your smile a second life will give,
Hee'l fear no death, if you but bid him live.
Pardon this bold ambition, 'tis his drift,
To make the *Altar* sanctifie the *Gift*.
Vifit this *Temple*, at your vacant houres,
Twas *Herberts* Poem once, but now tis *Yours*.

Thomas Forde. Loves Labyrinth 1660.





The Printers to the Reader.*

THE dedication of this work having been made by the author to the Divine Majesty only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgment, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal. Only for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the person.

* Published with first edition, *Cambridge*, 1633.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his Fellowship of Trinity College in *Cambridge*, and his Oratorship in the University, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's Altar, than to seek the honour of State employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none,) which many of these ensuing verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithful discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testify his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to add, My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God himself

hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word : so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable : Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his family to the Church ; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the public celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical dignity, which he was possessor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruined almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by public collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will-offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of*

Christ: otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

Less than the least of God's mercies.

[NICHOLAS FERRAR.]



**THE
POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT**



The Temple.

The Dedication.

*Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee ;
Yet not mine neither : for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain :
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.*

I. The Church Porch.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.



THOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes
enhance [treasure,
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a
Hearken unto a Verfer, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :
A verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own blood :
It blots the lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book!

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
 Allows thee choice of paths : take no by-ways ;
 But gladly welcome what he doth afford ;
 Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
 Continnence hath his joy : weigh both ; and so
 If rottenness have more, let heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
 Man would have been the encloser : but since now
 God hath impaled us, on the contrary
 Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
 O what were man, might he himself misplace !
 Sure to be cros he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
 When once it is within thee ; but before
 Mayst rule it, as thou list : and pour the shame,
 Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
 It is most just to throw that on the ground,
 Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken may his mother kill
 Big with his sister : he hath lost the reins,
 Is outlaw'd by himself : all kind of ill-
 Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
 The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth divest
 All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
 Lose all mine own ? God hath given me a measure
 Short of his can, and body ; must I find

A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?
 Stay at the third glafs: if thou lofe thy hold,
 Then thou art modeft, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room;
 (All in a ſhipwreck ſhift their ſeveral way)
 Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
 Be not a beaſt in courteſy, but ſtay,
 Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
 Wine above all things doth God's ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſin in wine or wantonneſs,
 Boaſt not thereof; nor make thy ſhame thy glory.
 Frailty gets pardon by ſubmiſſivenesſs;
 But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtory:
 He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
 With his poor clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
 It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuſe.
 Luſt and wine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain:
 But the cheap ſwearer through his open ſluice
 Lets his ſoul run for nought, as little fearing:
 Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell another's jeſt, therein
 Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
 Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
 He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
 Play not away the virtue of that name,
 Which is thy beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapest sins most dearly punish'd are ;
 Because to shun them also is so cheap :
 For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
 O crumble not away thy foul's fair heap.
 If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :
 Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :
 Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;
 The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
 Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
 By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
 If those take up thy day, the Sun will cry
 Against thee ; for his light was only lent. [thers
 God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those fea-
 Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
 If studious ; copy fair what time hath blurr'd ;
 Redeem truth from his jaws : if Soldier,
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword
 Throughout the world. Foolnot ; for all may have,
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England ! full of sin, but most of sloth !
 Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory :
 Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth

Transfused a sheepishness into thy story :
Not that they all are so ; but that the most
Are gone to grafs, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son :
Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion :
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design ;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind ; so both are lost thereby :
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave : this is flat poverty.
For he, that needs five thousand pound to live
Is full as poor as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches :
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small :
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stout
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself :
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly :
 Think the king sees thee still ; for his King does.
 Simpering is but a lay-hypocrisy :
 Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
 Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task :
 Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth : diseases enter there.
 Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call ;
 Carve, or discourse ; do not a famine fear.
 Who carves, is kind to two ; who talks, to all.
 Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit ;
 And say withal, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight those who say amidst their fickle healths,
 Thou livest by rule. What doth not so but man ?
 Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
 Entice the trusty fun, if that you can,
 From his Ecliptic line ; beckon the sky.
 Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
 And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
 Man is a shop of rules, a well-truff'd pack,
 Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
 Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way :
 God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
 Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.
 Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thine own :

And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
 He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;
 Then live, and use it : else, it is not true
 That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
 Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
 Even with the year : but age, if it will hit,
 Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
 As the day lessens, and his life with it.
 Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call ;
 Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;
 Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
 To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil ;
 Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
 Gold thou mayst safely touch ; but if it stick
 Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
 About thy neck do drown thee ? raise thy head ;
 Take stars for money ; stars not to be told
 By any art, yet to be purchased.
 None is so wasteful as the scraping dame :
 She loseth three for one ; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt: take thine own measure.
 Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
 Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure,
 A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.

The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
 And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
 Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
 Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
 And are like empty vessels under sail.

Old courtiers know this; therefore set out so,
 As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
 Wisdom's a trimmer thing, than shop e'er gave.
 Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
 But, This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
 Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more,
 Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
 Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore:
 Servants and churches also play their part.

Only a herald, who that way doth pass, [glass.
 Finds his crack'd name at length in the Church-

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
 Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
 Dost lose? rise up: dost win? rise in that state.

Who strive to fit out losing hands, are lost.
 Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
 Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In Conversation boldness now bears sway.
 But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
 As empty boldness: therefore first assay
 To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
 Then march on gallant: get substantial worth:
 Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
 Then keep such company; make them thy allay:
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
 Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows,
 Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
 Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
 By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do;
 And do them not: that shall thy wisdom be;
 And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,
 'Tis a thin web, which poisonous fancies make;
 But the great soldier's honour was composed
 Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
 Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest.
 A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least :
For wit is news only to ignorance.

Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.

These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound :
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.

All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.

Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wife valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
The giggler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fired beacon frighteth from his ditties.

Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respectful boldness :
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine : in service, care, or coldness

Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
 Feed no man in his sins : for adulation
 Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness : for thou makest thereby
 Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
 Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy,
 As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
 Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite ;
 Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour for the person's sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate ;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
 I care not though the cloth of State should be
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom : wear his eyes
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
 But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone ;
 Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
 Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
 My children's right, nor ought he take it : rather
 Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
 Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends ;
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be fingle, all thy goods and ground
 Submit to love ; but yet not more than all.
 Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
 To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
 God made me one man ; love makes me no more,
 Till labour come, and make my weaknes score.

In thy Discourse, if thou desire to please :
 All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty :
 Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease ;
 Courtesy grows in court ; news in the city.
 Get a good stock of these, then draw the card ;
 That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;
 For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure :
 (But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
 Rather than show his cards) steal from his treasure
 What to ask further. Doubts well-raised do lock
 The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all
 That thou canst speak, at once ; but husband it,
 And give men turns of speech : do not forestall
 By lavishness thine own, and other's wit,
 As if thou madest thy will. A civil guest
 Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
 Why should I feel another man's mistakes

More, than his sicknesses or poverty?
 In love I should: but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
 Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
 Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets;
 As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
 Truth dwells not in the clouds: the bow that's there
 Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another says: for many are
 Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
 Take all into thee; then with equal care
 Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
 If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
 Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
 Both want, and with thy pleasing presence still.
 Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
 To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
 And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
 Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
 A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
 Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
 And when, and how the business may be done.
 Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
 Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
 Active and stirring spirits live alone:
 Write on the others, *Here lies such a one.*

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
 In love or honour; take account of all:
 Shine like the sun in every corner: see
 Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
 Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;
 And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
 (Love is a present for a mighty king,)
 Much less make any one thine enemy.
 As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
 The cunning workman never doth refuse
 The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
 To take all that is given; whether wealth,
 Or love, or language; nothing comes amiss:
 A good digestion turneth all to health:
 And then as far as fair behaviour may,
 Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
 All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
 Embrace their activeness, not vanities.

Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
 If thou observest strangers in each fit,
 In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
 That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
 Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
 Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
 Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
 Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
 Think heaven a better bargain, than to give
 Only thy fingle market-money for it.
 Join hands with God to make a man to live.
 Give to all something; to a good poor man,
 Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
 Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard.
 God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
 Write, *So much given to God*; thou shalt be heard.
 Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
 Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
 A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
 Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
 'Tis angels' music; therefore come not late.
 God then deals blessings: If a King did so,
 Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his due is understood ;
 For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
 Thy cheer is mended ; bate not of the food,
 Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
 Thwart not the Almighty God : O be not cross.
 Fast when thou wilt ; but then 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love :
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
 We all are but cold suitors ; let us move
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
 Pray with the most : for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
 God is more there, than thou : for thou art there
 Only by his permission. Then beware,
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoil'd filk stocking : quit thy state.
 All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to Prayers most :
 Praying's the end of Preaching. O be drest ;
 Stay not for the other pin : why thou hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart ; that spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise :

Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
 Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
 Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
 Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
 Christ purged his temple ; so must thou thy heart.
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
 To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;
 For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge :
 If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
 God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speak something good : if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
 Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
 He that by being at Church escapes the ditch,
 Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
 He that loves God's abode, and to combine
 With faints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at Preachers' language, or expression :
 How know'st thou, but thy sins made him miscarry ?
 Then turn thy faults and his into confession :
 God sent him, whatsoe'er he be : O tarry,
 And love him for his Master : his condition,
 Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure
As those, who mock at God's way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure ?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.
The Jews refused thunder ; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy ?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul : mark the decay
And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both, since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :
If well ; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.



2: Superliminare.

THOU, whom the former precepts have
 Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
 Thyself in Church; approach, and taste
 The Church's mystical repast.

Avoid profaneness; come not here:
 Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
 Or that which groaneth to be so,
 May at his peril further go.



3. The Altar.

BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,
 Made of a heart, and cemented with tears:
 Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;
 No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.

A HEART alone
 Is such a stone,
 As nothing but
 Thy power doth cut.
 Wherefore each part
 Of my hard heart
 Meets in this frame,
 To praise thy name:

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
 These stones to praise thee may not cease.
 O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
 And sanctify this ALTAR to be thine.



4. The Sacrifice.

GH all ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
 To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;
 To me, who took eyes that I might you find:
 Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
 Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
 Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
 Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
 Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
 They use that power against me, which I gave:
 Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
 Though he had all I had, did not forbear
 To sell me also, and to put me there:
 Was ever grief like mine?

For thirty pence he did my death devise,
 Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
 Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
 Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my heart's dear treasure
 Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure:
 O let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure:
 Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with a sinner's tears,
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.

Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsy brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:

Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sun!

Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Most true to those who are my greatest grief:

Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?

Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loosed their bands:

Was ever grief like mine?

All my Disciples fly; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the star,
That brought the wise men of the East from far:

Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound
 They lead me : urging, that it was not found
 What I taught: Comments would the text confound.

Was ever grief like mine ?

The Priests and Rulers all false witness seek
 'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
 And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
 That I did thrust into the Deity,
 Who never thought that any robbery :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
 In three days razed, and raised as before.
 Why, he that built the world can do much more :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,
 Which I do give them daily, unto death.
 Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: he
 Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree ;
 But yet their friendship is my enmity.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
 Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
 And only am the Lord of hosts and might.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand ;
 Examines me with a censorious hand :
 I him obey, who all things else command :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The *Jews* accuse me with despitefulness ;
 And vying malice with my gentleness,
 Pick quarrels with their only happiness :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
 If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.
 But who does hawk at eagles with a dove ?
 Was ever grief like mine ?

My silence rather doth augment their cry ;
 My dove doth back into my bosom fly,
 Because the raging waters still are high :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Hark how they cry aloud still, *Crucify* :
It is not fit he live a day, they cry,
 Who cannot live less than eternally :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off ; but they,
 Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, away*,
 With noises confused frightening the day :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Yet still they shout, and cry, and stop their ears,
 Putting my life among their sins and fears,
 And therefore wish *my blood on them and theirs*.
 Was ever grief like mine ?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright
 Used, and wish'd, are the world's light :
 But honey is their gall, brightness their night :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
 In him to do themselves a courtesy ;
 For it was their own cause who killed me :

Was ever grief like mine ?

And a seditious murderer he was :
 But I the Prince of peace ; peace that doth pass
 All understanding, more than heaven doth glass :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Why, *Cæsar* is their only King, not I :
 He clave the stony rock, when they were dry ;
 But surely not their hearts, as I well try :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Ah, how they scourge me ! yet my tenderness
 Doubles each lash : and yet their bitterness
 Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
 Who grasp the earth and Heaven with my fist,
 And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise ;
 Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
 Leaving his blindness to mine enemies :

Was ever grief like mine ?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
 As *Moses'* face was veiled, so is mine,
 Left on their double-dark souls either shine :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are witty :
Now prophesy who strikes thee, is their ditty.
 So they in me deny themselves all pity :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
 Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
 That he before me well-nigh suffereth :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept,
 When all my tears were blood, the while you slept :
 Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The soldiers led me to the common hall ;
 There they deride me, they abuse me all :
 Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then with a scarlet robe they me array ;
 Which shews my blood to be the only way,
 And cordial left to repair man's decay :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear ;
 For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
 Though I my vine planted and water'd there :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

So fits the earth's great curse in *Adam's* fall
 Upon my head; so I remove it all
 From the earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
 They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
 Of heavenly blessings issue evermore :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail, king* :
 Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
 I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Yet since man's sceptres are as frail as reeds,
 And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds ;
 I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The soldiers also spit upon that face
 Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
 And Prophets, once to see, but found no place :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
 Who *Crucify him*, cry with one strong shout.
 God holds his peace at man, and man cries out :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

They lead me in once more, and putting then
 Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again.
 Whom devils fly, thus is he toss'd of men :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

And now weary of sport, glad to engross
 All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
 They carry me to my most bitter cross :

Was ever grief like mine ?

My cross I bear myself, until I faint :
 Then *Simon* bears it for me by constraint,
 The decreed burden of each mortal Saint :

Was ever grief like mine ?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see :
 Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree ;
 The tree of life to all, but only me :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Lo, here I hang, charged with a world of sin,
 The greater world o' the two ; for that came in
 By words, but this by sorrow I must win :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
 Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
 Till all were melted, though he were all steel.

Was ever grief like mine ?

But, *O my God, my God!* why leavest thou me,
 The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be ?

My God, my God —————

Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound ;
 Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound ;
 Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Now heal thyself, Physician ; now come down.
 Alas ! I did so, when I left my crown
 And father's smile for you, to feel his frown :
Was ever grief like mine ?

In healing not myself, there doth consist
 All that salvation, which ye now resist ;
 Your safety in my sickness doth subsist :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
 As he that for some robbery suffereth.
 Alas ! what have I stolen from you ? death :
Was ever grief like mine ?

A king my title is, prefix'd on high ;
 Yet by my subjects I'm condemn'd to die
 A servile death in servile company :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
 But more with malice : yet, when they did call,
 With Manna, Angels' food, I fed them all :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
 My coat, the type of love, which once cured those
 Who sought for help, never malicious foes :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go ;
 For they will pierce my side, I full well know ;
 That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow :
Was ever grief like mine ?

But now I die ; now all is finish'd,
 My woe, man's weal : and now I bow my head :
 Only let others say, when I am dead,
 Never was grief like mine.



5. The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief ! (a title strange, yet true,
 To thee of all Kings only due)
 Oh King of wounds ! how shall I grieve for thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me ?
 Shall I weep blood ? why, thou hast wept such store,
 That all thy body was one door.
 Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold ?
 'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me ?
 Was such a grief as cannot be.
 Shall I then sing, skipping, thy doleful story,
 And side with thy triumphant glory ?
 Shall thy strokes be my stroking ? thorns, my flower ?
 Thy rod, my posy ? crosses, my bower ?
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and
 Copy thy fair, though bloody hand ?
 Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
 And try who shall victorious prove.
 If thou dost give me wealth ; I will restore
 All back unto thee by the poor.
 If thou dost give me honour ; men shall see,
 The honour doth belong to thee.

I will not marry ; or, if she be mine,
 She and her children shall be thine.
My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
 I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
 Unto some Chapel, die or live.
As for thy passion—But of that anon,
 When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination, I'll contrive,
 That three years hence, if I survive,
I'll build a spital, or mend common ways,
 But mend my own without delays.
Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I used them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel ; and the year
 Shall not perceive, that I am here.
My music shall find thee, and every string
 Shall have his attribute to sing ;
That altogether may accord in thee,
 And prove one God, one harmony.
If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,
 If thou hast given it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy book, and never move
 Till I have found therein thy love ;
Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
 Oh my dear Saviour, Victory !
Then for thy passion—I will do for that—
 Alas, my God, I know not what.

6. The Reprifal.



HAVE confider'd it, and find
 There is no dealing with thy mighty paffion :
 For though I die for thee, I am behind ;
 My fins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
 May give a difentangled ftate and free ;
 And yet thy wounds ftill my attempts defy,
 For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternal glory didft outgo me ?
 Couldft thou not grief's fad conquests me allow,
 But in all victories overthrow me ?

Yet by confeffion will I come
 Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
 Againft thee, in thee I will overcome
 The man, who once againft thee fought.

7. The Agony.



PHILOSOPHERS have meafured mountains,
 Fathom'd the depths of feas, of ftates, and kings,
 Walk'd with a ftaff to heaven, and traced fountains :
 But there are two vaft, fpacious things,

The which to meafure it doth more behove :
Yet few there are that found them ; Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet ; there fhall he fee
A man, fo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His fkin, his garments bloody be.
Sin is that Prefe and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him affay,
And tafte that juice, which on the crofs a pike
Did fet abroach ; then let him fay
If ever he did tafte the like.
Love is that liquor fweet and moft divine,
Which my God feels as blood ; but I, as wine.



8. The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I feek
What I have treafured in my memory !
Since, if my foul make even with the week,
Each feventh note by right is due to thee.
I find there quarries of piled vanities,
But fhreds of holinefs, that dare not venture
To fhew their face, fince crofs to thy decrees :
There the circumference earth is, heaven the centre.
In fo much dregs the quinteffence is fmall :
The fpirit and good extract of my heart

Comes to about the many hundredth part.
 Yet, Lord, restore thy image, hear my call :
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
 groan,
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone.



9. Good Friday.

MY chief good,
 How shall I measure out thy blood ?
 How shall I count what thee befell,
 And each grief tell ?

 Shall I thy woes
 . Number according to thy foes ?
 Or, since one star show'd thy first breath,
 Shall all thy death ?

 Or shall each leaf,
 Which falls in Autumn, score a grief ?
 Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign
 Of the true vine ?

 Then let each hour
 Of my whole life one grief devour ;
 That thy distress through all may run,
 And be my sun.

 Or rather let
 My several sins their sorrows get ;

That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

SINCE blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody fight;
My heart hath store; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sin:

That when sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with thy grace;
Left sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.



10. Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In Heaven at his manor I him fought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts;
 In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
 Of thieves and murderers: there I him espied,
 Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.



II. Sepulchre.

BLESSED Body! whither art thou thrown?
 No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?
 So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
 Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store;
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score:
 Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
 They leave thee.

But that which shews them large, shews them unfit.
 Whatever sin did this pure rock commit,
 Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
 Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
 thee,
 And missing this, most falsely did arraign thee;
 Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,
 And order.

And as of old, the Law by heavenly art
 Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art
 The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
 To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,
 Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
 Withhold thee.



12. Easter.

RISE heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him mayst rise:
 That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art.
 The cross taught all wood to resound his name
 Who bore the fame.
 His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
 Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Confort both heart and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long:
 Or since all music is but three parts vied,

And multiplied ;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I GOT me flowers to strew thy way ;
I got me boughs off many a tree :
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and the East perfume ;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour ?
We count three hundred, but we miss :
There is but one, and that one ever.

13.

LORD, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor :

❁

With thee
 O let me rise
 As Larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day thy victories :
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

MY tender age in sorrow did begin :
 And still with sicknesses and shame
 Thou didst so punish sin,
 That I became
 Most thin.

❁

With thee
 Let me combine,
 And feel this day thy victory,
 For, if I imp my wing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

-WINGS-

EASTER-

14. Holy Baptism.



AS he that sees a dark and shady grove,
 Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky;
 So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water fly,

Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
 Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.
 O blessed streams! either ye do prevent
 And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
 In you Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaster equal to the crime:
 You taught the book of life my name, that so,

Whatever future sins should me miscall,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

15. Holy Baptism.



SINCE, Lord, to thee
 A narrow way and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my infancy
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
 My faith in me.

Or make a new one, since the old
 Is fapless grown,
 And a much fitter ftone
 To hide my duft, than thee to hold.



17. Sin.

WORD, with what care haft thou begirt us
 round!

Parents first feafon us: then fchoolmafters
 Deliver us to laws; they fend us bound
 To rules of reafon, holy meffengers,

Pulpits and fundays, forrow dogging fin,
 Afflictions forted, anguish of all fizes,
 Fine nets and ftatagemms to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of furprifes,

Bleffings beforehand, ties of gratefulnefs,
 The found of glory ringing in our ears;
 Without, our fhame; within, our confciences;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all thefe fences and their whole array
 One cunning bofom-fin blows quite away.

18. Affliction.



WHEN first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave :
 So many joys I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of natural delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me ;
 Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,
 And 'tice me unto thee.
 Such stars I counted mine : both heaven and earth
 Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
 Where joys my fellows were ?
 Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
 No place for grief or fear ;
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
 And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face :

At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesse ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My days were strew'd with flowers and happines ;
 There was no month but May.
 But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
 And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
 Sickneffes clave my bones,
 Confuming agues dwell in every vein,
 And tune my breath to groans :
 Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce believed,
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'ft away my life,
 And more ; for my friends die :
 My mirth and edge was loft ; a blunted knife
 Was of more ufe than I.
 Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
 I was blown through with every ftorm and wind.

Whereas my birth and fpirit rather took
 The way that takes the town ;
 Thou didft betray me to a lingering book,
 And wrap me in a gown.
 I was entangled in the world of ftife,
 Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the fiege to raife,
 Not fimpering all mine age,
 Thou often didft with Academic praife
 Melt and diffolve my rage.
 I took thy sweeten'd pill, till I came near ;
 I could not go away, nor perfevere.

Yet left perchance I fhould too happy be
 In my unhappinefs,
 Turning my purge to food, thou throweft me

Into more sickneffes.

Thus doth thy power cros-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show :
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
In weakness must be stout,
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other Master out.
Ah, my dear God ! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.



19. Repentance.

LORD, I confesse my sin is great ;
Great is my sin. Oh ! gently treat
With thy quick flower, thy momentary bloom ;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three ;
Each day doth round about us see,

Thus are we to delights : but we are all
 To sorrows old,
 If life be told
 From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
 Compassionate short-breathed men,
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
 I do confesse
 My foolishness ;
 My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
 Which thou hast pour'd into my soul ;
 Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather :
 For if thou stay,
 I and this day,
 As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man,
 Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan :
 Bitterness fills our bowels ; all our hearts
 Pine, and decay,
 And drop away,
 And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy ;
 That so the broken bones may joy,
 And tune together in a well-set song,
 Full of his praises
 Who dead men raises.
 Fractures well cured make us more strong.

20. Faith.



LORD, how couldst thou so much appease
 Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim,
 And could see little, to regard his ease,
 And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no meat :
 I did conceit a most delicious feast ;
 I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
 As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
 Which when I could not get, I thought it here :
 That apprehension cured so well my foot,
 That I can walk to heaven well near.

I owed thousands and much more :
 I did believe that I did nothing owe,
 And lived accordingly ; my creditor
 Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me anything, or all
 That I believe is in the sacred story :
 And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
 Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
 What can be lower than the common manger ?

Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If blifs had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gain'd it :
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length ;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and
crouch,
While Grace fills up uneven Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the sun,
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright :
And in this shew, what Christ hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanish'd away, when Faith did change the scene :
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust ?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.



21. Prayer.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 The six days' world-transposing in an hour,
 A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
 Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
 Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
 The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's
 blood,
 The land of spices, something understood.



22. Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
 Nor in a wedge of gold,
 Thou, who from me wast sold,
 To me dost now thyself convey;

For so thou shouldst without me still have been,
 Leaving within me sin :

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
 Thou creep'st into my breast ;
 Making thy way my rest,
 And thy small quantities my length ;
 Which spread their forces into every part,
 Meeting sin's force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
 Leaping the wall that parts
 Our souls and fleshly hearts ;
 But as the out-works, they may control
 My rebel-flesh, and, carrying thy name,
 Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy grace, which with these elements comes,
 Knoweth the ready way,
 And hath the privy key,
 Opening the soul's most subtile rooms :
 While those to spirits refined, at door attend
 Despatches from their friend.

GIVE me my captive soul, or take
 My body also thither.
 Another lift like this will make
 Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
 And all our lump to leaven ;

A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to smother ;
He might to heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room to another.

Thou hast restored us to this ease
By this thy heavenly blood,
Which I can go to, when I please,
And leave the earth to their food.



23. Antiphon.

Cho. **L**ET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly :
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out :

But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

24. Love.



I.

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade ;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain !
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raifeth wit :
The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by : and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings thy praise ? only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.



2.

IMMORTAL Heat, O let thy greater flame
 Attract the leffer to it: let those fires
 Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
 And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
 Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our
 All her inventions on thine Altar lay, [brain
 And there in hymns send back thy fire again:

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust;
 Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind:
 Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,
 Who wert disseized by usurping lust:

All knees shall bow to thee; all wits shall rise,
 And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.



25. The Temper.

HOW should I praise thee, Lord! how should
 my rhymes
 Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
 Sometimes I peer above them all ;
 Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
 Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent ;
 Those distances belong to thee :
 The world's too little for thy tent,
 A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
 A crumb of dust from heaven to hell ?
 Will great God measure with a wretch ?
 Shall he thy stature spell ?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
 O let me roost and nestle there :
 Then of a finner thou art rid,
 And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way ; for sure thy way is best :
 Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor :
 This is but tuning of my breast,
 To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
 Thy hands made both, and I am there.
 Thy power and love, my love and trust,
 Make one place every where.



26. The Temper.

T cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
 Which just now took up all my heart?
 Lord! if thou must needs use thy dart,
 Save that, and me; or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to thy word and art;
 But thy diviner world of grace
 Thou suddenly dost raise and raze,
 And every day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
 May also fix their reverence:
 For when thou dost depart from hence,
 They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
 Though elements change, and heaven move;
 Let not thy higher Court remove,
 But keep a standing Majesty in me.



27. Jordan.

WHO says that fictions only and false hair
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
 Is all good structure in a winding stair?
 May no lines pass, except they do their duty
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
 And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
 Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
 Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
 Riddle who lift, for me, and pull for Prime:
 I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
 Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
 Who plainly say, *My God, my King.*



28. Employment.

F as a flower doth spread and die,
 Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
 Before I were by frost's extremity
 Nipt in the bud;

The sweetness and the praise were thine;
 But the extension and the room,
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
 The greater shall our glory be.
 The measure of our joys is in this place,
 The stuff with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
 A life as barren to thy praise
 As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
 But with delays.

All things are busy; only I
 Neither bring honey with the Bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
 But all my company is a weed.
 Lord, place me in thy comfort; give one strain
 To my poor need.

29. The Holy Scriptures.



I.

OH Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
 Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
 Precious for any grief in any part;
 To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
 A full eternity: thou art a mass
 Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
 Ladies, look here; this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes: this is the well
 That washes what it shows. Who can endear

Thy praise too much? thou art Heaven's Lieger
 here,
 Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel: heaven lies flat in thee,
 Subject to every mounter's bended knee.




2.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
 And the configurations of their glory!
 Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
 But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
 Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
 Then as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
 These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
 And comments on thee: for in every thing
 Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
 And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do mis:
 This book of stars lights to eternal blis.


 30. Whitfunday.

LISTEN, sweet Dove, unto my song,
 And spread thy golden wings in me;
 Hatching my tender heart so long,
 Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
 On thy Apostles? thou didst then
 Keep open house, richly attended,
 Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
 That the earth did like a heaven appear:
 The stars were coming down to know
 If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The Sun, which once did shine alone,
 Hung down his head, and wish'd for night,
 When he beheld twelve Suns for one
 Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
 That cordial water to our ground,
 Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
 Of those who did themselves thro' their side wound;

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within;
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
 And if the braves of conquering sin
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same ;
 The same sweet God of love and light :
 Restore this day, for thy great Name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.



31. Grace.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandry improve :
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above !

If still the Sun should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works night's captives : O let grace
 Drop from above !

The dew doth every morning fall ;
 And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove ?
 The dew, for which grass cannot call,
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove :
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
 Unto a hardness, void of love :
 Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
 Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way.
 Or if to me thou wilt not move,
 Remove me where I need not say—
Drop from above.



32. Praise.

O write a verse or two, is all the praise,
 That I can raise :
 Mend my estate in any ways,
 Thou shalt have more

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
 Will thither fly ;
 Or, if I mount unto the sky,
 I will do more.

Man is all weakness; there is no such thing
 As Prince or King :
 His arm is short; yet with a sling
 He may do more.

A herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
 On the same floor,
 To a brave soul: Exalt the poor,
 They can do more.

O raise me then! Poor bees, that work all day,
 Sting my delay,
 Who have a work, as well as they,
 And much, much more.

33. Affliction.



ILL me not every day,
 Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me
 Is more than all my deaths can be,
 Though I in broken pay
 Die over each hour of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
 What were they all, compared to thine?
 Wherein if they were set,
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
 Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
 All my delight, so all my smart:
 Thy cross took up in one,
 By way of imprest, all my future moan.

34. Matins.



CANNOT ope mine eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice:
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,

Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know ;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show :
Then by a Sunbeam I will climb to thee.



35. Sin.

THAT I could a fin once see
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of *virtue*, and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live ;
So devils are our sins in prospective.



36. Even-Song.

BLEST be the God of love,
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
 Both to be busy, and to play.
 But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me fight alone,
 Which to himself he did deny :
 For when he sees my ways, I die :
 But I have got his son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
 For this thy love? have I discharged the debt,
 Which this day's favour did beget?
 I ran; but all I brought was foam.

Thy diet, care, and cost
 Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
 Of wind to thee whom I have cost,
 But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,
 And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
 Saying to man, *It doth suffice :*
Henceforth repose ; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
 Thou dost inclose us, till the day

Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this the harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute 'scapes thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.



37. Church Monuments.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My body to the school, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty heraldry and lines;
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at Jet, and Marble put for signs,

To fever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust?
 Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
 And true descent; that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glass, which holds the dust
 That measures all our time; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.



38. Church-Music.

WEETEST of sweets, I thank you: when dis-
 pleasure

Did through my body wound my mind,
 You took me thence; and in your house of pleasure
 A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
 Rising and falling with your wings:
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die; for if you part from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more:
 But if I travel in your company,
 You know the way to heaven's door.



39. Church Lock and Key.

KNOW it is my sin, which locks thine ears,
 And binds thy hands!
 Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;
 Or else the chilness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
 And mend it still;
 So I do lay the want of my desire,
 Not on my sins, or coldness, but-thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for his blood's sake,
 Which pleads for me:
 For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
 His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.



40. The Church-Floor.

MARK you the floor? that square and speckled
 stone,
 Which looks so firm and strong,
 Is *Patience* :

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
 Is checker'd all along,
 Is *Humility* :

The gentle rising, which on either hand
 Leads to the Quire above,
 Is *Confidence* :

But the sweet Cement, which in one sure band
 Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
 And *Charity*.

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains
 The Marble's neat and curious veins :
 But all is cleansed when the Marble weeps.
 Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,

Blows all the dust about the floor :
 But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
 Blest be the *Architect*, whose art
 Could build so strong in a weak heart.

41. The Windows.



ORD, how can man preach thy eternal word?

He is a brittle crazy glass :
 Yet in thy Temple thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
 Making thy life to shine within
 The holy Preachers, then the light and glory
 More reverend grows, and more doth win ;
 Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong regard and awe : but speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the ear, not conscience ring.



42. Trinity-Sunday.

LORD, who hast form'd me out of mud,
 And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,
 And sanctified me to do good ;

Purge all my sins done heretofore ;
 For I confess my heavy score,
 And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
 With faith, with hope, with charity ;
 That I may run, rise, rest with thee.



43. Content.

PEACE, muttering thoughts, and do not grudge
 to keep
 Within the walls of your own breast.
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
 Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at every quest and call
 Of an untrained hope or passion.

To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itself alone :
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates ;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre :
Where in each room of the well-furnish'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder :
And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is lost : and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not vent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discourfing, foul, till thine own ground;
 Do not thyfelf or friends importune.
 He that by feeking hath himfelf once found,
 Hath ever found a happy fortune.



44. The Quiddity.

MY God, a verfe is not a crown;
 No point of honour, or gay fuit,
 No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
 Nor a good fword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
 It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
 Nor can it entertain the day
 With a great ftable or domain.

It is no office, art, or news;
 Nor the Exchange, or bufy Hall:
 But it is that, which while I ufe,
 I am with thee, and *Moft take all*.



45. Humility.

SAW the Virtues fitting hand in hand
 In feveral Ranks upon an azure throne,
 Where all the beafts and fowls, by their command,
 Prefented tokens of fubmiffion.

Humility, who sat the lowest there
 To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tender'd were,
 Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was given to Mansuetude.
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkey brought his coral chain,
 That went to Temperance.
On Justice was bestowed the Fox's brain,
 Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out ; which when the beasts espied,
 They leapt upon the throne ;
And if the Fox had lived to rule their side,
 They had deposed each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train : then saying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Against the beasts : so jointly bandying,
 They drive them soon away ;
And then amerced them, double gifts to bring
 At the next Session-day.



46. Frailty.

LORD, in my silence how do I despise
 What upon trust
 Is stiled *honour, riches, or fair eyes* ;
 But is—*fair dust* !
 I furname them *gilded clay,*
Dear earth, fine grass or hay ;
 In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
 Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
 The world's, and thine ;
 Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events ;
 The other fine,
 Full of glory and gay weeds,
 Brave language, braver deeds :
 That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
 And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
 My foot did tread
 Affront those joys, wherewith thou didst endow,
 And long since wed
 My poor soul, e'en sick of love ;
 It may a Babel prove,
 Commodious to conquer heaven and thee
 Planted in me.



47. Constancy.

WHO is the honest man?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

 Whose honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
 Who rides his fure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

 Who, when great trials come,
 Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
 Till he the thing and the example weigh:
 All being brought into a sum,
 What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

 Whom none can work or woo,
 To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
 For above all things he abhors deceit:
 His words and works and fashion too
 All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

 Who never melts or thaws
 At close temptations: when the day is done,

His goodnefs fets not, but in dark can run :
 The fun to others writeth laws,
 And is their virtue ; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
 With fick folks, women, thofe whom paffions fway,
 Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :
 Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
 But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the wide world runs bias, from his will
 To writhe his limbs, and fhare, not mend the ill.
 This is the Marksman, fafe and fure,
 Who ftill is right, and prays to be fo ftill.



48. Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
 By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
 To guide and govern it to my relief,
 Making a fceptre of the rod :
 Hadft thou not had thy part,
 Sure the unruly figh had broke my heart.

But fince thy breath gave me both life and fhape,
 Thou know'ft my tallies ; and when there's affign'd
 So much breath to a figh, what's then behind ?

Or if fome years with it efcape,
 The figh then only is
 A gale to bring me fooner to my blifs.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
 Constant unto it, making it to be
 A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
 And in thy members suffer ill.
 They who lament one cross,
 Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.



49. The Star.

BRIGHT spark, shot from a brighter place,
 Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
 Canst thou be any where
 So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
 Take a bad lodging in my heart;
 For thou canst make a debtor,
 And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
 Folly, and worse than folly, lust:
 Then with thy light refine,
 And make it shine.

So disengaged from sin and sickness,
 Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
 That it may hang and move
 After thy love.

Then with our trinity of light,
 Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
 Unto the place where thou
 Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
 Among the beams, which crown the face
 Of him, who died to part
 Sin and my heart :

That so among the rest I may
 Glitter, and curl, and wind as they :
 That winding is their fashion
 Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
 To fly home like a laden bee
 Unto that hive of beams
 And garland-streams.



50. Sunday.

DAY most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
 The week were dark, but for thy light :
 Thy Torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The working-days are the back part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did enclose this light for his :
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our Creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at his passion
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence :
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
 That was required to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
 And where the week days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !



51. Avarice.

MONEY, thou bane of blifs, and fource of woe,
 Whence comest thou, that thou art fo fresh and fine?
 I know thy parentage is bafe and low :
 Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst fo little contribute
 To this great kingdom, which thou now haft got,
 That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
 To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright :
 Nay, thou haft got the face of man ; for we
 Have with our stamp and feal transferr'd our right :
 Thou art the man, and man but drofs to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich ;
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.



52. Ana-^{Mary}_{Army}gram.

HOW well her name an *Army* doth present,
 In whom the *Lord of Hosts* did pitch his tent !

Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worfe,
Who do not so ;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Master's hand can show.

54. Employment.



HE that is weary, let him fit.

My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest
With him, whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best :
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer ;
 Ever in wars.
 The sun still shineth there or here,
 Whereas the stars
 Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
 That busy plant !
 Then should I ever laden be,
 And never want
 Some fruit for him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old ;
 The man is gone,
 Before we do our wares unfold :
 So we freeze on,
 Until the grave increase our cold.



55. Denial.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
 Thy silent ears ;
 Then was my heart broken, as was my verse ;
 My breast was full of fears
 And disorder,

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
 Did fly asunder :
 Each took his way ; some would to pleasure go,
 Some to the wars and thunder
 Of alarms.

As good go any where they fay,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O thou that shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of fight,
Untuned, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

56. Christmas.



ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
 With full cry of affections, quite astray ;
 I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there
 To be all passengers' most sweet relief?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into a manger ;
 Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,
 To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger :

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have
 A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.



THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
 My God, no hymn for thee ?
 My soul's a shepherd too : a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is thy word ; the streams, thy grace
 Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the daylight hours.
 Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
 Take up his place and right :
 We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should
 Himself the candle hold.
 I will go searching, till I find a Sun
 Shall stay, till we have done ;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-nipt Suns look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay :
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till even his beams sing, and my music shine.



57. Ungratefulness.

ORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
 Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave !
 If thou hadst let us run,
 Gladly had man adored the Sun,
 And thought his god most brave ;
 Where now we shall be better gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare Cabinets full of treasure,
 The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation* :
 Thou hast unlock'd them both,
 And made them jewels to betroth
 The work of thy creation
 Unto thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
 Whose sparkling light access denies :
 Therefore thou dost not show
 This fully to us, till death blow
 The dust into our eyes ;
 For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy sweets are pack'd up in the other ;
 Thy mercies thither flock and flow ;
 That, as the first affrights,
 This may allure us with delights ;
 Because this box we know ;
 For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserved, and dark to thee ;
 When thou demandest but a heart,
 He cavils instantly.
 In his poor cabinet of bone
 Sins have their box apart,
 Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.



58. Sighs and Groans.

DO not use me
 After my sins ! look not on my desert,
 But on thy glory ! then thou wilt reform,
 And not refuse me : for thou only art
 The mighty God, but I a silly worm :
 O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me!

For what account can thy ill steward make?
I have abused thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suck'd all thy magazines: my head did ache,
Till it found out how to consume thy goods:

O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!

I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already dust:

O do not grind me!

O do not fill me

With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death: since he died for my good,

O do not kill me!

But O, reprieve me!

For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and *rod*,
Cordial and *Corrosive*: put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but, O my God,

My God, relieve me.



59. The World.

LOVE built a stately house; where *Fortune*
came :

And spinning fancies she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same :
But *Wisdom* quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make *Balconies, Terraces,*
Till she had weaken'd all by alteration :
But reverend *laws,* and many a *proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin,* and with that *Sycamore,*
Whose leaves first shelter'd man from drought and dew,
Working and winding sily evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore :
But *Grace* shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combined with *Death* in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor :
Which they effected, none could them withstand ;
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

60. Coloff. iii. 3.



OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

MY words and thoughts do both exprefs this
 notion,
 That *LIFE* hath with the fun a double motion.
 The firft *IS* ftraight, and our diurnal friend ;
 The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend.
 One life is wrapt *IN* flefh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds towards *HIM*, whose happy birth
 Taught me to live here fo, *THAT* ftill one eye
 Should aim and fhoot at that which *IS* on high ;
 Quitting with daily labour all *MY* pleafure,
 To gain at harveft an eternal *TREASURE*.



61. Vanity.

THE fleet Astronomer can bore
 And thread the fpheres with his quick-piercing mind :
 He views their ftations, walks from door to door,
 Surveys, as if he had defign'd
 To make a purchafe there : he fees their dances,
 And knoweth long before,
 Both their full-ey'd afpects, and fecret glances.

The nimble Diver with his fide
 Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch

His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
 On purpose from the venturous wretch ;
 That he might save his life, and also hers,
 Who with excessive pride
 Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtle Chymic can divest
 And strip the creature naked, till he find
 The callow principles within their nest :
 There he imparts to them his mind,
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
 They appear trim and drest
 To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
 But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
 Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
 With showers and frosts, with love and awe ;
 So that we need not say, Where's this command ?
 Poor man! thou searchest round
 To find out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.



62. Lent.

WELCOME, dear feast of Lent : who loves not
 thee,
 He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
 But is composed of passion.

The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To every Corporation.

The humble soul, composed of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree:
He says, In things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And Power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulness there are fluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

'Tis true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day ;
 Yet to go part of that religious way
 Is better than to rest :
 We cannot reach our Saviour's purity ;
 Yet are we bid, *Be holy e'en as he.*
 In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
 Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
 That travelleth by-ways.
 Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
 May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
 May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
 By starving sin, and taking such repast
 As may our faults control :
 That every man may revel at his door,
 Not in his parlour ; banqueting the poor,
 And among those his soul.



63. Virtue.

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,

Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My Music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

64. The Pearl.



MATT. XIII.

KNOW the ways of Learning; both the head
 And Pipes that feed the press, and make it run ;
 What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,
 Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
 In laws and policy ; what the stars conspire,
 What willing Nature speaks, what forced by fire ;
 Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
 The stock and surplus, cause and history :
 All these stand open, or I have the keys :
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
 The quick returns of courtesy and wit :

In vies of favours whether party gains,
 When glory fwells the heart, and mouldeth it
 To all expreffions both of hand and eye,
 Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
 And bear the bundle, wherefoe'er it goes :
 How many drams of ſpirit there muſt be
 To fell my life unto my friends or foes :
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
 The lullings and the reliſhes of it ;
 The propoſitions of hot blood and brains ;
 What mirth and muſic mean ; what love and wit
 Have done theſe twenty hundred years, and more :
 I know the projects of unbridled ſtore :
 My ſtuff is fleſh, not braſs ; my ſenſes live,
 And grumble oft, that they have more in me
 Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
 Yet I love thee.

I know all theſe, and have them in my hand :
 Therefore not ſealed, but with open eyes
 I fly to thee, and fully underſtand
 Both the main ſale, and the commodities ;
 And at what rate and price I have thy love ;
 With all the circumſtances that may move :
 Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
 But thy filk-twift let down from heaven to me,
 Did both condu&t and teach me, how by it
 To climb to thee.

65. Affliction.



BROKEN in pieces all afunder,
 Lord, hunt me not,
 A thing forgot,
 Once a poor creature, now a wonder,
 A wonder tortured in the space
 Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
 Wounding my heart
 With scatter'd smart;
 As watering-pots give flowers their lives.
 Nothing their fury can control,
 While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
 Quitting their place
 Unto my face :
 Nothing performs the task of life :
 The elements are let loose to fight,
 And while I live, try out their right.

Oh help, my God ! let not their plot
 Kill them and me,
 And also thee,
 Who art my life : dissolve the knot,
 As the sun scatters by his light
 All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
 Enter thy pay,
 And day by day
 Labour thy praise and my relief ;
 With care and courage building me,
 Till I reach heaven, and much more, thee.



66. Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
 That none doth build a stately habitation,
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
 All things are in decay.

For Man is every thing,
 And more : He is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;
 A beast, yet is, or should be more :
 Reason and speech we only bring.
 Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go up on the score.

Man is all fymmetry,
 Full of proportions, one limb to another,
 And all to all the world besides :
 Each part may call the farthest, brother :
 For head with foot hath private amity,
 And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
 His eyes dismount the highest star :
 He is in little all the sphere.
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
 Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow ;
 The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
 Nothing we see, but means our good,
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure* :
 The whole is, either our cupboard of *food*,
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The stars have us to bed ;
 Night draws the curtain, which the Sun withdraws :
 Music and light attend our head.
 All things unto our *flesh* are kind
 In their *descent* and *being* ; to our *mind*
 In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of duty :
 Waters united are our navigation ;
 Distinguished, our habitation ;
 Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
 Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
 Then how are all things neat !

More Servants wait on Man,
 Than he'll take notice of : in every path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.

Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou haft
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then, afford us ſo much wit,
That, as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.



67. Antiphon.

Chor. RAISED be the God of love,

Men. Here below,

Angels. And here above:

Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,

Ang. To his friend,

Men. And to his foe;

Chor. That both grace and glory tend

Ang. Us of old,

Men. And us in the end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold

Ang. Us did make,

Men. For us was fold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:

Ang. Him we touch;

Men. And him we take.

Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,

Ang. We adore,

Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy praises shall be more.

Men. We have none,

Ang. And we no store.

Chor. Praised be the God alone

Who hath made of two folds one.



68. Unkindness.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend :

In friendship, first I think, if that agree,

Which I intend,

Unto my friend's intent and end.

I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,

It is my honour and my love to free

His blasted fame

From the least spot or thought of blame.

I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor :

Would he have gold ? I lend it instantly ;

But let the poor,

And thou within them starve at door.

I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free :

But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee displace ;
Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfil ?

O write in brags, *My God upon a tree*

His blood did spill,

Only to purchase my good will :

Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.



69. Life.

MADE a posy, while the day ran by :
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,

And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;
I took, without more thinking, in good part

Time's gentle admonition ;

Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,

Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand ;
 I will no more advise :
 Only do thou lend me a hand,
 Since thou hast both mine eyes.



71. Justice.

I CANNOT skill of these thy ways :
Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me :
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me :
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee :
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
 Thy justice me most fitly pays :
 For *I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not :*
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray :
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got :
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
 I cannot skill of these my ways.



72. Charms and Knots.

WHO read a Chapter when they rise,
 Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
 Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold :
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When the hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains ?
Ten still, if Sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heaven doth show :
But who drinks on, to hell may go.



73. Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm
As was and is thy floating Ark ; whose stay
And anchor thou art only, to confirm
 And strengthen it in every age,
 When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we lived in pleasure ;
 Thine own delights thou didst to us impart :
 When we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure
 To make us thine : yet that we might not part,
 As we at first did board with thee,
 Now thou wouldst taste our misery.

There is but joy and grief ;
 If either will convert us, we are thine :
 Some Angels used the first ; if our relief
 Take up the second, then thy double line
 And several baits in either kind
 Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours ;
 We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
 While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers
 And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
 My God, so temper joy and woe,
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.



74. Mortification.

HOW soon doth man decay !
 When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
 To swaddle infants, whose young breath
 Scarce knows the way ;
 Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
 Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
 They step into their voluntary graves;
 Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
 Makes them not dead.

Successive nights, like rolling waves,
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
 And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
 All day exchanging mirth and breath
 In company;
 That music summons to the knell,
 Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
 Getting a house and home, where he may move
 Within the circle of his breath,
 Schooling his eyes;
 That dumb inclosure maketh love
 Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
 Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
 Till all do melt, and drown his breath
 When he would speak;
 A chair or litter shows the bier
 Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
 Hath put together a solemnity,
 And dressed his hearse, while he has breath
 As yet to spare.

Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die
 That all these dyings may be life in death.



75. Decay.

SWEET were the days, when thou didst lodge
 with *Lot*,
 Struggle with *Jacob*, fit with *Gideon*,
 Advise with *Abraham*, when thy power could not
 Encounter *Moses'* strong complaints and moan :
 Thy words were then, *Let me alone*.

One might have fought and found thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :
 Is my God this way? No, they would reply ;
 He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell :
 Lift, ye may hear great *Aaron's* bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close
 In some one corner of a feeble heart :
 Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
 Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
 To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
 Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
 Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
 Cold sin still forcing it, till it return
 And calling Justice, all things burn.

76. Misery.



LORD, let the Angels praise thy name.
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
 Folly and Sin play all his game.
 His house still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
 Man is but grass,
 He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst thou brook his foolishness?
 Why, he'll not lose a cup of drink for thee:
 Bid him but temper his excess;
 Not he: he knows, where he can better be,
 As he will swear,
 Than to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
 And make his own? as if none knew, but he.
 No man shall beat into his head
 That thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
 They are of cloth,
 Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
 For one poor minute, stumble at a pin:
 They would not have their actions scann'd,
 Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
 Though it be small,
 And measure not their fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
 The bargain made to serve thee : but thy love
 Holds them unto it, and doth cover
 Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
 Not suffering those
 Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy name :
 Thou art all brightness, perfect purity :
 The Sun holds down his head for shame,
 Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
 How shall infection
 Prefume on thy perfection ?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
 And those things most, which are most pure and fine :
 So our clay-hearts, e'en when we crouch
 To sing thy praises, make them less divine.
 Yet either this
 Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee ; let him go
 And serve the Swine : there, there is his delight :
 He doth not like this virtue, no ;
 Give him his dirt to wallow in all night ;
 These Preachers make
 His head to shoot and ache.

Oh foolish man ! where are thine eyes ?
 How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares ?
 Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,

No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars :

There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty bower
Made in the tree, where she was wont to fit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power
Who made the arbour : this exceeds her wit.

But Man doth know
The spring whence all things flow :

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign :

They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.

Ah, wretch ! what verbe
Can thy strange ways rehearse ?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posy was, *My pleasure* :
He was a garden in a Paradise :

Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to the glimpse of bliss :
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing ;

Nay, his own shelf :
My God, I mean myself.

77. Jordan.



WHEN first my lines of heavenly joys made
mention,

Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Offering their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the Sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend;
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd:
Copy out only that, and save expense.



78. Prayer.

O what an easy quick access,
 My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
 May our requests thine ear invade!
 To show that state dislikes not easiness.
 If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
 Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die.

Of what supreme Almighty power
 Is thy great arm which spans the East and West,
 And tacks the Centre to the Sphere!
 By it do all things live their measured hour:
 We cannot ask the thing, which is not there,
 Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
 Art thou possessor, who, when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes in person sin reprove;
 That by destroying that which tied thy purse,
 Thou mightst make way for liberality!

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value Prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go;
 I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

79. Obedience.



MY God, if writings may
 Convey a Lordship any way
 Whither the buyer and the feller please ;
 Let it not thee displease,
 If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
 As many lines, as there doth need
 To pass itself and all it hath to thee.
 To which I do agree,
 And here present it as my special deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
 Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
 As if this passed with a reservation,
 Or some such words in fashion ;
 I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will
 All thy delight in me fulfil !
 Let me not think an action mine own way,
 But as thy love shall sway,
 Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
 That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree ?

Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions ;
 So great are thy perfections,
 Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood
 Show'd a strange love to all our good :
 Thy sorrows were in earnest ; no faint proffer,
 Or superficial offer
 Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego :
 To one word only I say, No :
 Where in the deed there was an intimation
 Of a *gift* or *donation*,
 Lord, let it now by way of *purchase* go.

He that will pass his land,
 As I have mine, may set his hand
 And heart unto this deed, when he hath read ;
 And make the purchase spread
 To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
 If some kind man would thrust his heart
 Into these lines ; till in heaven's court of rolls
 They were by winged souls
 Enter'd for both, far above their desert !

80. Conscience.



PEACE, prattler, do not lour :
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul :
 Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sour :
 Music to thee doth howl.
 By listening to thy chatting fears
 I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say :
 My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere.
 Harmonious peace must rock them all the day :
 No room for prattlers there.
 If thou persisteth, I will tell thee,
 That I have physic to expel thee.

And the receipt shall be
 My Saviour's blood : whenever at his board
 I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
 And leaves thee not a word ;
 No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
 And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
 Besides my physic, know there's some for thee :
 Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
 For those that trouble me :
 The bloody cross of my dear Lord
 Is both my physic and my sword.

81. Sion.



LORD, with what glory wast thou served of old,
 When *Solomon's* temple stood and flourished!
 Where most things were of purest gold;
 The wood was all embellished
 With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:
 All show'd the builders, craved the seer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state,
 Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
 Something there was that sow'd debate:
 Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim:
 And now thy Architecture meets with sin;
 For all thy frame and fabric is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
 Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
 The fight is hard on either part.
 Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
 All *Solomon's* sea of brass and world of stone
 Is not so dear to thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
 Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
 But groans are quick, and full of wings,
 And all their motions upward be;
 And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
 The note is sad, yet music for a King.



82. Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart
is sick,

While thou dost ever, ever stay :
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee !

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didst waste?
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.
O show thyself, &c.

When man was lost, thy pity look'd about,
To see what help in the earth or sky :
But there was none ; at least no help without :
The help did in thy bosom lie.
O show thyself, &c.

There lay thy Son : and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thralldom from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple for thy love ?
O show thyself, &c.

He did, he came : O my Redeemer dear,
 After all this canst thou be strange ?
 So many years baptized, and not appear ;
 As if thy love could fail or change ?
 O show thyself to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay ?
 My God, what is this world to me ?
 This world of woe ? hence, all ye clouds, away,
 Away ; I must get up and see.
 O show thyself, &c.

What is this weary world ; this meat and drink,
 That chains us by the teeth so fast ?
 What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
 Into a blackness and distaste ?
 O show thyself, &c.

With one small sigh thou gavest me the other day
 I blasted all the joys about me :
 And scowling on them as they pined away,
 Now come again, said I, and flout me.
 O show thyself, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
 Which way foe'er I look, I see.
 Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
 They dress themselves and come to thee.
 O show thyself, &c.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things,
 But when we leave our corn and hay :
 There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
 The last and loved, though dreadful day.
 O show thyself to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
 That my free soul may use her wing,
 Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
 As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
 O show thyself, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan ?
 The most of me to heaven is fled :
 My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone,
 And for their old acquaintance plead.
 O show thyself, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
 My flesh and bones and joints do pray :
 And e'en my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
 The word is, *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.
 O show thyself to me,
 Or take me up to thee !



83. The British Church.

JOY, dear Mother, when I view
 Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
 Both sweet and bright :
 Beauty in thee takes up her place,
 And dates her letters from thy face,
 When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
 Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
 Shows who is best :
 Outlandish looks may not compare ;
 For all they either painted are,
 Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
 Allureth all in hope to be
 By her preferr'd,
 Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
 That e'en her face by kissing shines,
 For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy
 Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
 About her ears :
 While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
 She wholly goes on the other side,
 And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those mis)
 The mean thy praise and glory is,
 And long may be.
 Blessed be God, whose love it was
 To double-moat thee with his grace,
 And none but thee.



84. The Quip.

THE merry world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together, where I lay,
 And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose ;
 Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
 Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those ?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poor man ? said he :
 I heard in Music you had skill :
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
 In silks that whistled, who but he !
 He scarce allow'd me half an eye :
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
 To answer these fine things shall come ;
 Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
 And then they have their answer home.



85. Vanity.

DOUR filly soul, whose hope and head lies
 low ;
 Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow :
 To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes ;
 Nor solid work, as false embroideries ;
 Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
 And write for sweet, prove a most sour displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late !
 To purchase heaven for repenting
 Is no hard rate.
 If souls be made of earthly mould,
 Let them love gold ;
 If born on high,
 Let them unto their kindred fly :

For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient nest.
 Then filly foul, take heed ; for earthly joy
 Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.



86. The Dawning.

WAKE sad heart, whom sorrow ever
 drowns :

Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,
 Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns :
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth :
 Awake, awake ;
 And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry ;
 And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
 Christ's resurrection thine may be :
 Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
 Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee :
 Arise, arise ;
 And with his burial linen dry thine eyes.
 Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
 grief
 Draws tears, or blood, not want a handkerchief.



87. Jefu.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
 Is deeply carved there : but the other week
 A great affliction broke the little frame,
 E'en all to pieces ; which I went to seek :
 And first I found the corner where was J,
 After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
 When I had got these parcels, instantly
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken heart he was *I ease you,*
 And to my whole is *JESU.*



88. Bufinefs.

CANST be idle ? canst thou play,
 Foolish soul who finn'd to day ?

Rivers run, and springs each one
 Know their home, and get them gone :
 Hast thou tears, or hast thou none ?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
 Would thou hadst no faults or fears !
 Who hath these, those ills forbears.

Winds still work : it is their plot,
 Be the season cold, or hot :
 Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not ?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
 Would thou hadst no flesh and bones !
 Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
 Foolish soul, Who died for thee ?

Who did leave his Father's throne,
 To assume thy flesh and bone ?
 Had he life, or had he none ?

If he had not lived for thee,
 Thou hadst died most wretchedly ;
 And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
 That his own self he forgot.
 Did he die, or did he not ?

If he had not died for thee,
 Thou hadst lived in misery.
 Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
 'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death ?

He that loseth Gold, though dross,
 Tells to all he meets, his cross :
 He that sins, hath he no loss ?

He that finds a silver vein,
 Thinks on it, and thinks again :
 Brings thy Saviour's death no gain ?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
 Neither sin nor Saviour feels.



89. Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
 Were but worth the having,
 Quickly should I then control
 Any thought of waving.
 But when all my care and pains
 Cannot give the name of gains
 To thy wretch so full of stains ;
 What delight or hope remains ?

*What (Child), is the balance thine ?
 Thine the poise and measure ?
 If I say thou shalt be mine,
 Finger not my treasure.
 What the gains in having thee
 Do amount to, only he,
 Who for man was sold, can see,
 That transferr'd the accounts to me.*

But as I can see no merit,
 Leading to this favour :

So the way to fit me for it,
 Is beyond my favour.
 As the reason then is thine ;
 So the way is none of mine :
 I disclaim the whole design :
 Sin disclaims and I resign.

*That is all, if that I could
 Get without repining ;
 And my clay my creature would
 Follow my resigning :
 That as I did freely part
 With my glory and desert,
 Left all joys to feel all smart ——
 Ah! no more : thou break'ft my heart.*



90. Dulness.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
 As if I were all earth ?
 O give me quickness, that I may with mirth
 Praise thee brimful !

The wanton lover in a curious strain
 Can praise his fairest fair ;
 And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
 Curl o'er again :

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
 Beauty alone to me :

Thy bloody death and undeserved, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That those thy form doth show,
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go
Makes beauties here ;

Where are my lines then ? my approaches ? views ?
Where are my window-Songs ?
Lovers are still pretending, and e'en wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugar'd lies
Still mock me, and grow bold :
Sure thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards thee :
Look only ; for to *love* thee, who can be,
What angel, fit ?



91. Love-Joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth

To spend my judgment) said, it seem'd to me
 To be the body and the letters both
 Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not miss'd,
 The man replied ; It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.



92. Providence.

SACRED Providence, who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest ! shall I write,
 And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
 To hold my quill ? shall they not do thee right ?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
 Only to Man thou hast made known thy ways,
 And put the pen alone into his hand,
 And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing ; birds ditty to their notes ;
 Trees would be tuning on their native lute
 To thy renown : but all their hands and throats
 Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high Priest : he doth present
 The sacrifice for all ; while they below
 Unto the service mutter an assent,
 Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
 Doth not refrain unto himself alone,

But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain ;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The beasts say, Eat me ; but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me : but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee :
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine ;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command*, or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all : they are thy *right* and *left* :
The first puts on with speed and expedition ;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft ;

Nothing escapes them both : all must appear,
And be disposed, and dress'd, and tuned by thee,
Who sweetly temper'ft all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any :
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, e'en when it swells and
gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set
Where all may reach : no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking : fishes have their net :
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engender'd doth prevent his meat ;
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear ;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day !
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them
flying.

Bees work for man ; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use :
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grafs, and dung the ground for more :
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for foil :
Springs vent their streams, and by expenfe get ftore :
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to exprefs the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and ftones ?
Is there an herb for that ? O that thy care
Would fhew a root, that gives expreffions !

And if an herb hath power, what have the ftars ?
A rofe, befides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtlefs our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much furer than our art is fure.

Thou haft hid metals : man may take them thence ;
But at his peril : when he digs the place,
He makes a grave ; as if the thing had fenfe,
And threaten'd man, that he fhould fill the fpace.

E'en poifons praife thee. Should a thing be loft ?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due ?
Since where are poifons, antidotes are moft ;
The help ftands clofe, and keeps the fear in view.

The fea, which feems to ftop the traveller,
Is by a fhip the fpeedier paffage made.
The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled by him, and taught to ferve his trade.

And as thy houfe is full, fo I adore
Thy curious art in marfhalling thy goods.

The hills with health abound, the vales with store ;
 The South with marble ; North with furs and
 woods.

Hard things are glorious ; easy things good cheap ;
 The common all men have ; that which is rare,
 Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
 The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass : warm without weight
 Is wool and furs : cool without closeness, shade :
 Speed without pains, a horse : tall without height,
 A fervile hawk : low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need :
 If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
 For their offence ; and then dost turn their speed
 To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes, but Man ; nothing doth
 need
 But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
 But Man alone, to show his heavenly breed :
 And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, thou madest a sea of wet :
 When that lay gather'd, thou didst broach the
 mountains :
 When yet some places could no moisture get,
 The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good
 fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers ; but gently spend
Your honey drops : prefs not to smell them here ;
When they are ripe, their odour will afcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harfh are thorns to pears ! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need lefs reparation.
How fsmooth are filks, compared with a ftake,
Or with a ftone ! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doft divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, fail and needle, all in one.

Moft herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruit's warm kernels help againft the wind.
The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loofe, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but exprefs a feaft,
Where all the guefts fit clofe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fifh and flefh ; bats, bird and beaft ;
Sponges, nonfense and fense ; mines, the earth and
plants.

To fhew thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worfe than ours, fometimes thou fhifteft
hands.

Moft things move the under jaw ; the Crocodile not.
Moft things fleep lying, the Elephant leans or ftands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can exprefs thy works, but he that knows
them;

And none can know thy works, which are fo many,
And fo complete, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have feveral ways,
Yet in their being join with one advice
To honour thee: and fo I give thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in ufe and name
It go for one, hath many ways in ftore
To honour thee; and fo each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.



93. Hope.

H GAVE to hope a Watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optic lent.
With that I gave a phial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah, Loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring:
I did expect a ring.



94. Sins round.

SORRY I am, my God, forry I am,
 That my offences course it in a ring.
 My thoughts are working like a busfy flame,
 Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring :
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,
 My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts,
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
 They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions :
 My hands do join to finish the inventions :

My hands do join to finish the inventions :
 And so my fins ascend three stories high,
 As Babel grew, before there were dissentions.
 Yet ill deeds loiter not : for they supply
 New thoughts of finning ; wherefore, to my shame,
 Sorry I am, my God, forry I am.



95. Time.

MEETING with Time, Slack thing, said I,
 Thy scythe is dull ; whet it for shame.
 No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
 If it at length deserve some blame :
 But where one man would have me grind it,
 Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
 Who above all things loved this life ;
 To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning-knife.
 Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest :
 For where thou only wert before
 An executioner at best,
 Thou art a gardener now, and more.
 An usher to convey our souls
 Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
 While it detains us from our God.
 E'en pleasures here increase the wrong :
 And length of days lengthen the rod.
 Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
 Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
 Which e'en eternity excludes !
 Thus far Time heard me patiently :
 Then chafing said, This man deludes :
 What do I here before his door ?
 He doth not crave less time, but more.



96. Gratefulness.

THOU that hast given so much to me,
 Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
 See how thy beggar works on thee
 By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
 And says, If he in this be crost,
 All thou hast given him heretofore
 Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
 Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
 What it would come to at the worst
 To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
 Tears fulying thy transparent rooms,
 Gift upon gift ; much would have more,
 And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st on,
 And didst allow us all our noise :
 Nay thou hast made a sigh and groan
 Thy joys.

Not that thou hast not still above
 Much better tunes, than groans can make ;
 But that these country-airs thy love
 Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again ;
 And in no quiet canst thou be,
 Till I a thankful heart obtain
 Of thee :

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me ;
 As if thy blessings had spare days :
 But such a heart, whose pulse may be
 Thy praise.



97. Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I
 Let me once know. [humbly crave,
 I fought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd, if Peace were there,
 A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :
 Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the Lace of Peace's coat :
 I will search out the matter.
 But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 The crown Imperial : Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
 But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
 What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man :
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began ;
 There was a Prince of old
 At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
 Which many wondering at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth :
 For they that taste it do rehearse,

That virtue lies therein ;
 A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
 By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you ;
 Make bread of it : and that repose
 And peace, which every where
 With so much earnestness you do pursue
 Is only there.



98. Confession.

WHAT a cunning guest
 Is this same grief! within my heart I made
 Closets ; and in them many a chest ;
 And like a master in my trade,
 In those chests, boxes ; in each box, a till :
 Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
 Into a piece of timber work and wind,
 As God's afflictions into man,
 When he a torture hath design'd.
 They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts ;
 And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

We are the earth ; and they,
 Like moles within us, heave, and cast about :

And till they foot and clutch their prey,
 They never cool, much less give out.
 No Smith can make such locks, but they have keys;
 Closets are Halls to them; and hearts, highways.

Only an open breast
 Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
 Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
 But quickly seek some new adventure.
 Smooth open hearts no fastening have; but fiction
 Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
 Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away:
 For since confession pardon wins,
 I challenge here the brightest day,
 The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
 They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.



99. Giddiness.

OH, what a thing is man! how far from power,
 From settled peace and rest!
 He is some twenty several men at least
 Each several hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treasure:
 But then a thought creeps in,
 And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
 Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars ;
 Now eat his bread in peace,
 And snudge in quiet : now he scorns increase ;
 Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
 As if a whirlwind blew
 And crush'd the building : and 'tis partly true,
 His mind is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his attires
 Did alter with his mind ;
 And, like a Dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
 With his desires !

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No Sale or Bargain pass : all would disperse,
 And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us : one creation
 Will not suffice our turn :
 Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn
 Our own salvation.



100. The Bunch of Grapes.

JOY, I did lock thee up : but some bad man
 Hath let thee out again :
 And now, methinks, I am where I began
 Seven years ago : one vogue and vein,

One air of thoughts usurps my brain,
 I did towards Canaan draw ; but now I am
 Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by God's command
 Travell'd, and saw no town ;
 So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd :
 Their story pens and fets us down.
 A fingle deed is small renown.
 God's works are wide, and let in future times ;
 His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds ;
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast :
 We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrouds
 Alas ! our murmurings come not laft.
 But where's the cluster ? where's the taste
 Of mine inheritance ? Lord, if I muft borrow,
 Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine ?
 I have their fruit and more.
 Bleffed be God, who prosper'd *Noab's* Vine,
 And made it bring forth Grapes good ftore.
 But much more him I muft adore,
 Who of the law's four juice fweet wine did make,
 E'en God himfelf, being preffed for my fake.



101. Love unknown.

DEAR friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
 And in my faintings I presume your love
 Will more comply, than help. A Lord I had,
 And have, of whom some grounds, which may im-
 I hold for two lives, and both lives in me. [prove,
 To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
 And in the middle placed my heart. But he
 (I figh to fay)

Look'd on a servant, who did know his eye
 Better than you know me, or (which is one)
 Than I myself. The servant instantly
 Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
 And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
 A stream of blood, which issued from the side
 Of a great rock : I well remember all,
 And have good cause : there it was dipt and dyed,
 And wash'd, and wrung : the very wringing yet
 Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
 Many a fault more than my lease will bear ;
 Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
 But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
 And clean and fair, as I one eventide

(I figh to tell)

Walk'd by myself abroad, I saw a large
 And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon

A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION*.
The greatness show'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?)
The offerer's heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug, than scalding water,
I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
 (I sigh to speak)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures e'en my rest was gone?
Full well I understood, who had been there:
For I had given the key to none, but one:
It must be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind

Did oft possess me, so that when I pray'd,
 Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
 But all my scores were by another paid,
 Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only, what was old, renew :
The Caldron suppled, what was grown too hard :
The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull :
All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.



102. Man's Medley.

MARK, how the birds do sing,
 And woods do ring.
 All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
 Yet if we rightly measure,
 Man's joy and pleasure
 Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence :
 In the other Angels have a right by birth :
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
 With the one hand touching heaven, with the other
 earth.

In foul he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
 But trimm'd with curious lace,
 And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer :
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head ;
 So must he sip, and think
 Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
 So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one :
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip :
 And bite his lip ;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.



103. The Storm.

F as the winds and waters here below
 Do fly and flow,
 My sighs and tears as busy were above ;
 Sure they would move
 And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
 Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their storms, e'en in a high degree,
 As well as we.
 A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
 Hath a strange force :
 It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
 Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy door.

There it stands knocking, to thy music's wrong,
 And drowns the song.
 Glory and honour are set by till it
 An answer get.
 Poets have wrong'd poor storms : such days are best ;
 They purge the air without, within the breast.



104. Paradife.

BLESS thee, Lord, because I GROW
 Among thy trees, which in a ROW
 To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
 Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
 While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
 Be to me rather sharp and TART,
 Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
 And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
 E'en fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND:
 Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
 And such beginnings touch their END.



105. The Method.

DOOR heart, lament.
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some rub, some discontent,
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
 Quickly effect, what thou dost move ;
 For he is *Power* : and sure he *would* ;
 For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,
 Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book :
 If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
 Wouldst thou not look ?

What do I see
 Written above there ? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
 To such indifferents chained be,
 Who do not their own motions hear ?
 Is God less free ?

But stay ! what's there ?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
 Which needs not man, be tied to those
 Who hear not him, but quickly hear
 His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :
 Down with thy knees, up with thy voice :
 Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart, rejoice.

106. Divinity.



AS men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
 And trip at night, have spheres supplied ;
 As if a star were duller than a clod,
 Which knows his way without a guide :

Just so the other heaven they also serve,
 Divinity's transcendent sky :
 Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
 Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broach'd the wine,
 Have thicken'd it with definitions ?
 And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
 With curious questions and divisions ?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
 Was clear as heaven, from whence it came.
 At least those beams of truth, which only save,
 Surpass in brightness any flame.

*Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
 Do as you would be done unto.*
 O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day !
 Who can these Gordian knots undo ?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,

To take and taste what he doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man ;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head ;
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To Heaven alone both go, and lead.

107. Ephes. iv. 30.



GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT, ETC.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sour,
And cross thy love ?
Grieved for me ? the God of strength and power
Grieved for a worm, which when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead ?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep, foolish heart,
And weeping live ;
For death is dry as dust. Yet if we part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins express ; melt into dew.

When saucy mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense :

I fin not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; he doth groan.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.

There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
E'en endless tears
Without relief.

If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no Crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.



108. The Family.

WHAT doth this noife of thoughts within my
As if they had a part? [heart,
What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are thine,
 Though some of them repine.
 Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy feat:
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
 Then Order plays the soul;
 And giving all things their set forms and hours,
 Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
 Expecting a command:
 Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;
 But griefs without a noise:
 Yet speak they louder, than distemper'd fears:
 What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps thou comest sometimes, and for a day;
 But not to make a constant stay.



109. The Size.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart.
 Modest and moderate joys to those, that have
 Title to more hereafter when they part,

Are passing brave.
 Let the upper springs into the low
 Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
 Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon fail?
 If thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught,
 When griefs prevail,
 And for the future time art heir
 To the Isle of spices, Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
 Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
 Wouldst thou his laws of fasting difannul?
 Enact good cheer?
 Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
 Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joys are all at once;
 But little do reserve themselves for more:
 Those have their hopes; these what they have re-
 And live on score: [nounce,
 Those are at home; these journey still,
 And meet the rest on *Sion's* hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
 And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
 At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
 Whereas a bit
 Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
 And for the present health restore.

A Christian's state and case
 Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
 Yet active strength : whose long and bony face
 Content and care
 Do seem to equally divide,
 Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
 Grasp not at much, for fear thou lovest all.
 If comforts fell according to desert,
 They would great frosts and snows destroy :
 For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
 Which thou hast open'd ; do not spread thy robe
 In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
 An earthly globe,
 On whose meridian was engraven,
These Seas are tears, and Heaven the Haven.



110. Artillery.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
 Methought a star did shoot into my lap.
 I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
 That from small fires comes oft no small mishap :
 When suddenly I heard one say,
 Do as thou usest, disobey,
 Expel good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of music in the spheres,
But not of speech in stars, began to muse :
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The stars and all things are ; If I refuse,
 Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;
 Then I refuse not e'en with blood
 To wash away my stubborn thought :
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also stars and shooters too,
Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee ; yet thou dost refuse.
 Not but I am (I must say still)
 Much more obliged to do thy will,
 Than thou to grant mine : but because
Thy promise now hath e'en set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deign
To enter combat with us, and contest
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain :
Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.
 Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine :
 I must be so, if I am mine.
 There is no articing with thee :
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

B III. Church-Rents and Schifms.

BRAVE rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the
chair,

Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallowed steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your several parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,

Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
 As many eyes as stars? since it is night,
 And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleep,
 And e'en all *Africk*; would at least I might
 With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
 Which falls by night, and pour it out for you!



112. Justice.

DREADFUL justice, what a fright and
 Waft thou of old, [terror
 When sin and error
 Did show and shape thy looks to me,
 And through their glafs discolour thee!
 He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
 Like two great pits;
 The beam and scape
 Did like some tottering engine show:
 Thy hand above did burn and glow,
 Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the fight,
 I see no fears:
 Thy hand is white,
 Thy scales like buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee.
 God's promises hath made thee mine :
 Why should I justice now decline ?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.



113. The Pilgrimage.

TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on the one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow strow'd
 With many a flower :
 Fain would I here have made abode,
 But I was quicken'd by my hour.
 So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion ; which
 Some call the world ;
 A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
 Save one good Angel, which a friend had tied
 Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladfome hill,
 Where lay my hope,
 Where lay my heart ; and climbing still,
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,
 A lake of brackish waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
 Of swarming fears,
 I fell, and cried, Alas, my King ;
 Can both the way and end be tears ?
 Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
 I was deceived :

My hill was further : so I flung away,
 Yet heard a cry
 Just as I went, *None goes that way*
 And lives : If that be all, said I,
 After so foul a journey death is fair,
 And but a chair.



114. The Hold-fast.

THREATEN'D to observe the strict decree
 Of my dear God with all my power and might :
 But I was told by one, it could not be ;
 Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
 Nay, e'en to trust in him, was also his :

We muſt confeſs, that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſs that he my ſuccour is :

But to have nought is ours, not to confeſs
That we have nought. I ſtood amazed at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſs,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.



115. Complaining.

O not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wiſdom. Put me not to ſhame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy duſt that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory ;
The deed and ſtory
Are both thy due : but I a filly fly,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all juſtice, Lord ?
Shows not thy word
More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry ?
Have I no parts but thoſe of grief ?

Let not thy wrathful power
 Afflict my hour,
 My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
 Contract my hour,
 That I may climb and find relief.



116. The Discharge.

BUSY enquiring heart, what wouldst thou
 Why dost thou pry, [know?
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
 Look high and low;
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow?
 Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
 Did not thy heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
 Let what will fall:
 That which is past who can recall?
 Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
 And is his right.
 He is thy night at noon: he is at night
 Thy noon alone.
 The crop is his, for he hath sown.
 And well it was for thee, when this befell,
 That God did make
 Thy business his, and in thy life partake:
 For thou canst tell,
 If it be his once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?
Raife not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,
He breaks the square.
This hour is mine : if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon death's fide :

For death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds,
But thro' a Churchyard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die : but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loofe the chain,
 And wake thy sorrow ?
 Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
 And then again
 Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come : or if it must,
 Do not forecast :
 And while it cometh, it is almost past.
 Away distrust :
 My God hath promised ; he is just.

117. Praise.



ING of Glory, King of Peace,
 I will love thee :
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me :
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring thee.

Though my fins against me cried,
 Thou didst clear me ;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
 I will praise thee.
 In my heart, though not in Heaven,
 I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst.
 And when Justice call'd for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
 To enrol thee :
 E'en eternity is too short
 To extol thee.



118. An Offering.

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow
 As men's returns, what would become of fools ?
 What hast thou there ? a heart ? but is it pure ?
 Search well and see ; for hearts have many holes.
 Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow :
 In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
 Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
 Yet one, if good, may tittle to a number;
 And single things grow fruitful by deserts.
 In public judgments one may be a nation.
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, lest thy heart displease,
 As neither good, nor one: so oft divisions
 Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
 Thy passions also have their set partitions.
 These parcel out thy heart: recover these,
 And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood, [close
 Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and
 All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
 Until thou find, and use it to thy good:
 Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymn be this;

SINCE my sadness
 Into gladness,
 Lord thou dost convert,
 O accept
 What thou hast kept,
 As thy due desert.

Had I many,
 Had I any,

(For this heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
 May give favour
 To this poor oblation ;
 And it raise
 To be thy praise,
 And be my salvation.



119. Longing.

WITH sick and famish'd eyes,
 With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To thee my cries,
 To thee my groans,
 To thee my sighs, my tears ascend :
 No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
 My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddy ; Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
 Mothers are kind, because thou art,

And dost dispose
 To them a part :
 Their infants, them ; and they suck thee
 More free.

Bowels of pity, hear !
 Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
 Bow down thine ear !
 Let not the wind
 Scatter my words, and in the fame
 Thy name !

Look on my sorrows round !
 Mark well my furnace ! O what flames,
 What heats abound !
 What griefs, what shames !
 Consider, Lord ; Lord, bow thine ear,
 And hear !

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
 Thy dying head upon the tree :
 O be not now
 More dead to me !
 Lord, hear ! *Shall he that made the ear*
Not hear ?

Behold, thy dust doth stir ;
 It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee :
 Wilt thou defer
 To succour me,
 Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
 Says, Come ?

THE POEMS OF

To thee help appertains.
 Haft thou left all things to their course,
 And laid the reins
 Upon the horse?
 Is all lock'd? hath a finner's plea
 No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
 Where all things have their leaf assign'd :
 Yet a meek look
 Hath interlined.
 Thy board is full, yet humble guests
 Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
 And fall to nothing : thou dost reign,
 And rule on high,
 While I remain
 In bitter grief: yet am I styled
 Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
 Not to relieve? how can it be,
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me?
 Were sin alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
 And all thy promises live and bide.
 That wants his head ;

These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.

My love, my sweetness, hear!
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast which cries,
Which dies.

120. The Bag.



WAY despair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
E'en when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Haft thou not heard, that my Lord JESUS died?
Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power, as he did ride

In his majestic robes of glory,
Resolved to light; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear;
He smiled, and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel sin:
And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cried,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Father's hands and fight
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
 Will use me in this kind, the door
 Shall still be open ; what he sends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Anything to me. Hark despair, away.



121. The Jews.

DOOR nation, whose sweet sap, and juice
 Our scions have purloin'd, and left you dry :
 Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluice,
 And use in baptism, while ye pine and die :
 Who by not keeping once, became a debtor ;
 And now by keeping lose the letter :

O that my prayers ! mine, alas !
 O that some Angel might a trumpet sound :
 At which the Church falling upon her face
 Should cry so loud, until the trump were drown'd,
 And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
 That your sweet sap might come again !



122. The Collar.

HSTRUCK the board, and cried, No more ;
 I will abroad.

What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?
 My lines and life are free ; free as the road,

123. The Glimpse.



HITHER away delight ?

Thou camest but now ; wilt thou so soon depart,

And give me up to night ?

For many weeks of lingering pain and smart

But one half hour of comfort for my heart ?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in music, and keep better time.

Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime :
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat ;
Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pick'd here and there a crumb, and would not die ;
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
 The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
 Thou know'st how grief and sin
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a Court!



I 24. Assurance.

O SPITEFUL bitter thought!
 Bitterly spiteful thought! Couldst thou invent
 So high a torture? Is such poison bought?
 Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
 When wit contrives to meet with thee,
 No such rank poison can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
 That all was not so fair, as I conceived,
 Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
 And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceived:
 Either the league was broke, or near it;
 And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
 Could poison, if it had a tongue, express?
 What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the door
 To cold despairs, and gnawing pensiveness?
 Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
 I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert :
And in this League, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine ; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once thyself indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
Then can thy truth and I : but while rocks stand,
And rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail :
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruin praise thy power.

Now, foolish thought, go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame : for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for itself love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.



125. The Call.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life :
 Such a Way, as gives us breath :
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
 Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :
 Such a Light, as shows a feast :
 Such a Feast, as mends in length :
 Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :
 Such a Joy, as none can move :
 Such a Love, as none can part :
 Such a Heart, as joys in love.



126. Claspings of Hands.

LORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
 If mine I am : and thine much more,
 Than I or ought, or can be mine.
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;
 So that again I now am mine,
 And with advantage mine the more.
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
 And thou with me dost thee restore.
 If I without thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :
 So mine thou art, that something more
 I may presume thee mine, than thine.
 For thou didst suffer to restore
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since thou in death wast none of thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.

O be mine still ! still make me thine ;
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine !

127. Praise.



LORD, I will mean and speak thy praise,
 Thy praise alone.
 My busy heart shall spin it all my days :
 And when it stops for want of store,
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
 That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,
 It runs, it flies :
 All things concur to give it a perfection.
 That which had but two legs before, [rise
 When thou dost bless, hath twelve : one wheel doth
 To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on business blow,
 It hangs, it clogs :
 Not all the teams of Albion in a row

128. Joseph's Coat.

WHOUNDED I sing, tormented I endite,

Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest :
Sorrow hath changed its note : such is his will
Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.

For well he knows, if but one grief and smart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it e'en my heart,
And both would run until they found a bier

To fetch the body ; both being due to grief.
But he hath spoil'd the race ; and given to anguish
One of Joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languish.

I live to show his power, who once did bring
My joys to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *sing*.

129. The Pulley.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glafs of blessing standing by ;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.



130. The Priesthood.

BLEST Order, which in power doth so excel,
 That with the one hand thou liftest to the sky,
 And with the other throwest down to hell
 In thy just censures ; fain would I draw nigh ;
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay sword
 For that of the holy word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire ;
 And I but earth and clay : should I presume
 To wear thy habit, the severe attire

My slender compositions might consume.
 I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
 To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
 And force of fire, what curious things are made
 Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
 That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
 Of skilful Artists, for the boards of those
 Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne'er so great,
 Come from the earth, from whence those vessels
 So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat, [come ;
 Have one beginning and one final sum :
 I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
 If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God such vessels are,
 As serve him up, who all the world commands.
 When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
 Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands :
 O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
 Who bring my God to me !

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
 To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
 Through the old sins and new doctrines of our land.
 Only, since God doth often vessels make
 Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
 I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
 For some mean stuff whereon to shew his skill:
 Then is my time. The distance of the meek
 Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
 In praising might, the poor do by submission
 What pride by opposition.



131. The Search.

WHITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
 My Lord, my Love?
 My searches are my daily bread;
 Yet never prove.

My knees pierce the earth, mine eyes the sky:
 And yet the sphere
 And centre both to me deny
 That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
 Grow green and gay;
 As if to meet thee they did know,
 While I decay.

Yet can I mark how stars above
 Simper and shine,
 As having keys unto thy love,
 While poor I pine.

I sent a figh to seek thee out,
 Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow : but my scout
 Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
 Into a groan,
Because the search was dumb before :
 But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabric mould
 Which favour wins,
And keeps thee present, leaving the old
 Unto their fins ?

Where is my God ? what hidden place
 Conceals thee still ?
What covert dare eclipse thy face ?
 Is it thy will ?

O let not that of any thing :
 Let rather brags,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
 And I will pass.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
 As passeth thought :
To it all strength, all subtilties
 Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
 As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
 And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
 As is thy space,
 Thy distance from me; see my charge,
 Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths, away;
 Turn, and restore me:
 Be not Almighty, let me say,
 Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near;
 What edge so keen,
 What point so piercing can appear
 To come between?

For as thy absence doth excel
 All distance known:
 So doth thy nearness bear the bell,
 Making two one.



132. Grief.

O WHO will give me tears? Come all ye
 springs,
 Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds, and rain:
 My grief hath need of all the watery things,
 That nature hath produced. Let every vein
 Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
 My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
 Another in my soul (the memory
 What I would do for thee, if once my groans
 Could be allowed for harmony)
 I am in all a weak disabled thing,
 Save in the fight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things fort not to my will,
 E'en when my will doth study thy renown :
 Thou turnest the edge of all things on me still,
 Taking me up to throw me down :
 So that, e'en when my hopes seem to be sped,
 I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
 Farther from it than when I bent my bow ;
 To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
 Of all my woes another woe,
 Is in the midst of delicates to need,
 And e'en in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, ease my smart !
 These contrarieties crush me : these cros actions
 Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart :
 And yet since these thy contradictions
 Are properly a Cross felt by thy Son,
 With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

134. The Flower.



HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring;
 To which, besides their own demean,
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
 Quite under ground; as flowers depart
 To see their Mother-root, when they have blown;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour;
 Making a chiming of a passing bell.
 We say amiss,
 This or that is:
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither :
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My fins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing : O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell at night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.



135. Dotage.

FALSE glozing pleasures, casks of happiness,
 Foolish night-fires, women's and children's wishes,
 Chafes in Arras, gilded emptiness,
 Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
 Embroider'd lies, nothing between two dishes ;
 These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
 Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
 Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
 Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
 Fetching their proofs e'en from the very bone ;
 These are the sorrows here.

But oh the folly of distracted men,
 Who grieves in earnest, joys in jest pursue ;
 Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
 Before a court, e'en that above so clear,
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
 Than miseries are here !



136. The Son.

LET foreign Nations of their language boast,
 What fine variety each tongue affords :
 I like our language, as our men and coast ;

Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
 How neatly do we give one only name
 To Parent's issue and the Sun's bright Star !
 A Son is light and fruit ; a fruitful flame
 Chasing the Father's dimness, carried far
 From the first man in the East, to fresh and new
 Western discoveries of posterity.
 So in one word our Lord's humility
 We turn upon him in a sense most true :
 For what Christ once in humbleness began,
 We him in glory call, *The Son of Man.*



137. A true Hymn.

MY joy, my life, my crown !
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say :
 And still it runneth muttering up and down
 With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown !*

Yet slight not these few words ;
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art.
 The fineness which a Hymn or Psalm affords,
 Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
 And all the soul, and strength, and time,

If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
To make his Verse, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be moved,
Although the Verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want.
As when the heart says (fighting to be approved)
O, could I love! and stops; God writeth, *Loved.*



138. The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow :
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flies of estates and sunshine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small ;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky ;
But cooling by the way, grows purfy and flow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears : to all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

But rather turn the pipe, and water's course
 To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
 Of sovereign tears, springing from true remorse :
 That so in pureness thou mayst him adore

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, } Salvation.
 } Damnation.



141. Self-condemnation.

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate,
 For choosing *Barabbas* a murderer
 Before the Lord of glory ;
 Look back upon thine own estate,
 Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer)
 That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss
 This world's delights before true Christian joy,
 Hath made a Jewish choice :
 The world an ancient murderer is ;
 Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
 With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
 Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
 False gain before the true,
 Hath done what he condemns in reading :
 For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
 And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
 And judge ourselves. That light which sin and
 passion
 Did before dim and choke,
 When once those snuffs are ta'en away,
 Shines bright and clear, e'en unto condemnation,
 Without excuse or cloak.



142. Bitter-Sweet.

AH, my dear angry Lord,
 Since thou dost love, yet strike ;
 Cast down, yet help afford ;
 Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
 I will bewail, approve :
 And all my four-sweet days
 I will lament, and love.



143. The Glance.

WHEN first thy sweet and gracious eye
 Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth and night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltering in sin ;

I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
 Passing all Cordials made by any Art,
 Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
 My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway :
 But still thy sweet original joy,
 Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
 And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful be,
 A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
 What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
 Thy full-eyed love !
 When thou shalt look us out of pain,
 And one aspect of thine spend in delight
 More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
 In Heaven above.



144. The Twenty-third Psalm.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
 And he that doth me feed :
 While he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need ?

He leads me to the tender grafs,
 Where I both feed and reft ;
 Then to the ftreams that gently pafs :
 In both I have the beft.

Or if I ftay, he doth convert,
 And bring my mind in frame :
 And all this not for my defert,
 But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's fhady black abode
 Well may I walk, not fear :
 For thou art with me, and thy rod
 To guide, thy ftaff to bear.

Nay, thou doft make me fit and dine,
 E'en in my enemies' fight ;
 My head with oil, my cup with wine
 Runs over day and night.

Surely thy fweet and wondrous love
 Shall meafure all my days ;
 And as it never fhall remove,
 So neither fhall my praife.



145. Mary Magdalen.

WHEN blessed *Mary* wiped her Saviour's feet,
 (Whose precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
 And wore them for a Jewel on her head,

Showing his steps should be the street,
 Wherein she thenceforth evermore
 With penfive humbleness would live and tread :

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
 To make him clean, who could not be defiled?
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
 And not his feet? Though we could dive
 In tears like Seas, our sins are piled
 Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
 To bear her filth : and that her sins did dash
 E'en God himself : wherefore she was not loath,
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash :
 And yet in washing one, she washed both.



146. Aaron.

HOLINESS on the head,
 Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
 To lead them unto life and rest.
 Thus are true *Aarons* drest.

Profaneness in my head,
 Defects and darkness in my breast,
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest :
 Poor Priest thus am I drest.

Only another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another music, making live, not dead,
 Without whom I could have no rest:
 In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
 My alone only heart and breast,
 My only music, striking me e'en dead;
 That to the old man I may rest;
 And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my dear breast,
 My doctrine tuned by Christ, (who is not dead;
 But lives in me while I do rest)
 Come, people; *Aaron's* drest.

147. The Odour.

2 COR. II.



HOW sweetly doth *My Master* found! *My*
 As ambergris leaves a rich scent [Master!
 Unto the taster:
 So do these words a sweet content,
 An oriental fragrancy, *My Master*.

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
 My mind e'en thrust into them both;

That I might find
What Cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to thee!

Then should the Pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetening me
(As sweet things traffic when they meet)
Return to thee.
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.



148. The Foil.

F we could see below
 The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace,
 As plainly as that above doth show;
 This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made Stars the foil
 To set off virtues; griefs to set off sinning:
 Yet in this wretched world we toil,
 As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.



149. The Forerunners.

THE Harbingers are come. See, see their
 White is their colour, and behold my head. (mark;
 But must they have my brain? must they dispart
 Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
 Must dulness turn me to a clod?
 Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
 E'en all my heart, and what is lodged there:
 I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
 So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.
 He will be pleased with that ditty;
 And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors :
 But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
 Brought you to Church well drest and clad :
 My God must have my best, e'en all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugarcane,
 Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly?
 Hath some fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane?
 And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a sty?
 Fy, thou wilt foil thy broider'd coat,
 And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
 With Canvases, not with Arras clothe their shame :
 Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
 True beauty dwells on high : ours is a flame
 But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
 Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not ; take your way :
 For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye
 Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
 Go, birds of spring : let winter have his fee ;
 Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
 So all within be livelier than before.



150. The Rose.

DRESS me not to take more pleasure
 In this world of sugar'd lies,
 And to use a larger measure
 Than my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here :
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
 Blushing woes, that look as clear,
 As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
 Such delights I meant to say ;
 There are no such things to me,
 Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
 Unto what you now advise :
 Only take this gentle Rose,
 And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose ?
 What is sweeter ? yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmity disclose,
 Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a rose ;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joys to be a scourge :
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.
 But I health, not phyfic choose :
 Only though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my answer is a rose.



151. Discipline.

THROW away thy rod,
 Throw away thy wrath :
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
 Unto thine is bent :
 I aspire
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look
 I affect to own,
 But by book,
 And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :
 Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
 To the throne of grace.

THE POEMS OF

Then let wrath remove ;
 Love will do the deed :
 For with love
 Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;
 Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
 And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
 That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod ;
 Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God :
 Throw away thy wrath.



152. The Invitation.

COME ye hither all, whose taste
 Is your waste ;
 Save your cost, and mend your fare.
 God is here prepared and dress'd,
 And the feast,
 God, in whom all dainties are.
 Come ye hither all, whom wine
 Doth define,



153. The Banquet.

WELCOME sweet and sacred cheer,
 Welcome dear ;
 With me, in me, live and dwell :
 For thy neatness passeth sight,
 Thy delight
 Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
 Fills my soul,
 Such as is, and makes divine !
 Is some star (fled from the sphere)
 Melted there,
 As we sugar melt in wine ?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
 Made a head
 To subdue the smell of sin,
 Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
 All their living,
 Left the enemy should win ?

Doubtless neither star nor flower
 Hath the power
 Such a sweetness to impart :
 Only God, who gives perfumes,
 Flesh assumes,
 And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
 Still are good,
 Yet being bruised are better scented ;
 God, to show how far his love
 Could improve,
 Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
 And on earth
 In delights of earth was drown'd ;
 God took blood, and needs would be
 Spilt with me,
 And so found me on the ground.

Having raised me to look up,
 In a cup
 Sweetly he doth meet my taste.
 But I still being low and short,
 Far from court,
 Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
 To the sky :
 Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
 What I seek, for what I sue ;
 Him I view
 Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
 Be my ditty,

And take up my lines and life :
 Hearken unto pain of death,
 Hands and breath,
 Strive in this, and love the strife.



154. The Posy.

LET wits contest,
 And with their words and posies windows fill :
 Less than the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posy still.

 This on my ring,
 This by my picture, in my book I write ;
 Whether I sing,
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

 Invention rest ;
 Comparisons go play ; wit use thy will :
 Less than the least
Of all God's mercies, is my posy still.



155. A Parody.

SOUL'S joy, when thou art gone,
 And I alone,
 Which cannot be,
 Because thou dost abide with me,
 And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress
 The cheerfulness
 Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad,
 But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and shade
 Doth me invade !
 No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright
 As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
 Lest want of awe
 Make sin appear ;
And when thou dost but shine less clear,
 Say that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
 While sin doth rave,
 And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost !
 Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
 Doth me infold !
 I half believe,
That Sin says true : but while I grieve,
 Thou comest and dost relieve.



156. The Elixir.

EACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,
 To run into an action ;
 But still to make thee prepossess,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glafs,
 On it may stay his eye ;
 Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with his tincture (*for thy sake*)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine :
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold :
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.



157. A Wreath.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
 I give to thee, who knowest all my ways,
 My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
 Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
 To thee, who art more far above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicity.
 Give me simplicity, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
 Know them and practise them: then shall I give
 For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.



158. Death.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous
 Nothing but bones, [thing,
 The sad effect of sadder groans:
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some fix
 Or ten years hence,
 After the loss of life and sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short ;
 Where we did find
 The shells of fledge souls left behind,
 Dry duft, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
 Into thy face :
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
 Much in request, much fought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at doomsday ;
 When souls shall wear their new array,
 And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithful grave ;
 Making our pillars either down, or duft.



159. Doomsday.

COME away,
 Make no delay.
 Summon all the duft to rise,
 Till it stir, and rub the eyes ;
 While this member jogs the other,
 Each one whispering, *Live you, Brother ?*

Come away,
 Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no music feels,
But thy trumpet : then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantula's raging pains.

 Come away,
 O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Left at length they plead possession :
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

 Come away,
 Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend :
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and public woe.

 Come away,
 Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the music shall be praise.



160. Judgment.

ALMIGHTY Judge, how shall poor wretches
 Thy dreadful look, [brook
 Able a heart of iron to appal,
 When thou shalt call
 For every man's peculiar book ?

What others mean to do, I know not well ;
 Yet I hear tell,
 That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sin,
 That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into thy hand :
 Let that be scann'd.
 There thou shalt find my faults are thine.



161. Heaven.

WHO will show me those delights on high ?
 ECHO. I.
 Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
 ECHO. No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?

ECHO. *Leaves.*

And are there any leaves, that still abide ?

ECHO. *Bide.*

What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.

ECHO. *Holy.*

Are holy leaves the Echo then of blis ?

ECHO. *Yes.*

Then tell me, what is that supreme delight ?

ECHO. *Light.*

Light to the mind : what shall the will enjoy ?

ECHO. *Joy.*

But are there cares and busines with the pleasure ?

ECHO. *Leisure.*

Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persever ?

ECHO. *Ever.*



162. Love.

LOVE bade me welcome : yet my soul drew
 Guilty of dust and sin. [back,
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :
 Love said, You shall be he.

I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat :
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good
will towards men.*



II.



The Church Militant.

ALMIGHTY Lord, who from thy glorious
 Seest and rulest all things e'en as one : [throne
 The smallest Ant or Atom knows thy power,
 Known also to each minute of an hour :
 Much more do common-weals acknowledge thee,
 And wrap their policies in thy decree,
 Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
 Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
 Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
 Early didst thou arise to plant this Vine,
 Which might the more endear it to be thine.
 Spices come from the East ; so did thy Spouse,
 Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
 Of *Noah's* shady vine, chaste as the dove,
 Prepared and fitted to receive thy love.
 The course was westward, that the sun might light
 As well our understanding as our fight.
 Where the Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began
 To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.

Moses pursued this : but King *Solomon*
 Finish'd and fix'd the old religion.
 When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
 By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
 But to the Gentiles he bore crosses and all,
 Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
 Only whereas the Ark in glory shone,
 Now with the crosses, as with a staff, alone,
 Religion, like a Pilgrim, westward bent,
 Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
 Yet as the Sun, though forward be his flight,
 Listens behind him, and allows some light,
 Till all depart : so went the Church her way,
 Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
 Among the eastern nations for a time,
 Till both removed to the western clime.
 To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
 Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
 The ten Commandments there did flourish more
 Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
 Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
 Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing the history.
Goshen was darkness, *Egypt* full of lights,
 Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
 Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce,
 For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?
 Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
 Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts.
 Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,

Sophisters taken in a Fisher's net.

Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss,

And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ's-Cross*.

Prayers chased syllogisms into their den,

And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.

Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,

And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,

And spent her period and prefixed time

Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,

Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,

Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.

The Warrior his dear scars no more refounds,

But seems to yield *Christ* hath the greater wounds;

Wounds willingly endured to work his bliss,

Who by an ambush lost his *Paradise*.

The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust

A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust:

Quitting his spear lest it should pierce again

Him in his members, who for him was slain.

The Shepherd's hook grew to a Sceptre here,

Giving new names and numbers to the year.

But the Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them,

Who were cut short in *Alexander's* stem.

In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame

And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came:

Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,

Or strength in the other, did erect her throne,

Many a rent and struggling the empire knew,

(As dying things are wont,) until it flew

At length to *Germany*, still westward bending,

And there the Church's festival attending:

That as before Empire and Arts made way,
 (For no less harbingers would serve than they)
 So they might still, and point us out the place,
 Where first the Church should raise her downcast face.
 Strength levels grounds, Art makes a Garden there;
 Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
 Spain in the Empire shared with *Germany*,
 But *England* in the higher victory;
 Giving the Church a Crown to keep her state,
 And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,
 And did this mystery wrap up and fold
 Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
 From time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
 Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
 Unto the farthest old meridian.

How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!

Who may with thee compare?

Much about one and the same time and place,
 Both where and when the Church began her race,
 Sin did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,
 And travell'd westward also: journeying on
 He chid the Church away, where'er he came,
 Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
 At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
 Gardens of gods, which every year did grow,
 Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
 Who for a god clearly a falset lost.
 Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
 Adoring Garlic with an humble face,
 Begging his food of that which he may eat,

Starving the while he worshipping his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His highest was an Ox or Crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass,
And being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him Garrisons of sins,
To make good that which every day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a Poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old:
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold:

Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
 That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
 Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
 Setting affliction to encounter pleasure ;
 Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy,
 Cheat the most subtle nations. Who so coy,
 So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt* ? yet their hearts
 Are given over, for their curious arts,
 To such Mahometan stupidities,
 As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Only the West and *Rome* do keep them free
 From this contagious infidelity.
 And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
 As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.
 Sin being not able to extirpate quite
 The Churches here, bravely resolved one night
 To be a Churchman too, and wear a Mitre :
 The old debauched Ruffian would turn writer.
 I saw him in his study, where he sat
 Busy in controversies sprung of late.
 A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well :
 His grave Aspect had more of Heaven than Hell :
 Only there was a handsome picture by,
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.
 As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
 And in old *Rome* a mighty Emperor ;
 So now being Priest he plainly did profess
 To make a jest of Christ's three Offices :
 The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were

United now in one both time and sphere.
 From *Egypt* he took petty deities,
 From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
 And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,
 By free dispensings of the Church's treasure.
 Then in memorial of his ancient throne,
 He did surname his palace, *Babylon*.
 Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
 And make that name good by their transmigrations ;
 From all these places, but at divers times,
 He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :
 From *Egypt* Anchorism and retiredness,
 Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* stateliness ;
 And blending these, he carried all men's eyes,
 While Truth sat by, counting his victories :
 Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
 Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
 But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
 Into a voluntary transmigration.
 All post to *Rome* : Princes submit their necks
 Either to his public foot or private tricks.
 It did not fit his gravity to stir,
 Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur :
 Therefore he sent out able Ministers,
 Statesmen within, without doors Cloisterers ;
 Who without spear, or sword, or other drum,
 Than what was in their tongue, did overcome ;
 And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
 That the whole world did seem but the Pope's *mule*.
 As new and old *Rome* did one empire twist ;
 So both together are one Antichrist ;

Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
 Being in this their old crack'd looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Thus Sin triumphs in Western *Babylon* ;
 Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
 Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
 And to defray his journey from the East.
 Old and new *Babylon* are to Hell and night,
 As is the Moon and Sun to Heaven and light.
 When the one did set, the other did take place,
 Confronting equally the Law and grace.
 They are hell's land-marks, Satan's double crest :
 They are Sin's nipples, feeding the east and west.
 But as in vice the Copy still exceeds
 The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds ;
 So though Sin made his latter feat the better,
 The latter Church is to the first a debtor.
 The second Temple could not reach the first :
 And the late reformation never durst
 Compare with ancient times and purer years ;
 But in the Jews and us deserveth tears ;
 Nay, it shall every year decrease and fade ;
 Till such a darkness do the world invade
 At Christ's last coming, as his first did find :
 Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
 To these diminishings, as is between
 The spacious world and *Jewry* to be seen.
 Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
 Ready to pass to the *American* strand.
 When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,

Impudent finning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
(The marks of future bane,) shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up ;
When *Seine* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams :
When *Italy* of us shall have her will,
And all her Calendar of sins fulfil ;
Whereby one may foretell, what sins next year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer :
Then shall Religion to *America* flee :
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away :
For gold and grace did never yet agree :
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss :
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly :
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall
smother :
That when they have accomplished the round,

And met in the East their first and ancient found,
 Judgment may meet them both, and search them round.
 Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
 Light one another, and together run.
 Thus also Sin and Darknes follow still
 The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
 But as the Sun still goes both West and East:
 So also did the Church by going West
 Still Eastward go; because it drew more near
 To time and place, where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?



L'Envoy.

KING of glory, King of peace,
 With the one make war to cease;
 With the other blest thy sheep,
 Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
 Let not sin devour thy fold,
 Bragging that thy blood is cold;
 That thy death is also dead,
 While his conquests daily spread;
 That thy flesh hath lost his food,
 And thy Cross is common wood.
 Choke him, let him say no more,
 But reserve his breath in store,

Till thy conquest and his fall
Make his fighs to use it all;
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

*Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed Three in One.*



III. Miscellaneous Poems.

I. A Sonnet.

*Sent by George Herbert to his Mother as a New Year's
Gift from Cambridge.*



MY God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
 Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did burn,
 Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
 Wear *Venus'* livery? only serve her turn?
 Why are not sonnets made of thee? and lays
 Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
 Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
 As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
 Outstrip their *Cupid* easily in flight?
 Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
 Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
 Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
 Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
 Than that, which one day, worms may chance
 refuse.
 Sure Lord, there is enough in thee to dry

Oceans of ink ; for, as the Deluge did
 Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty :
 Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
 Poets to turn it to another use.

Roses and lilies speak thee ; and to make
 A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.

Why should I women's eyes for crystal take ?
 Such poor invention burns in their low mind

Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
 To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
 Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
 In the best face but filth ; when Lord, in thee
 The beauty lies, in the discovery.

2. Inscription.

In the Parsonage, Bemerton.

To my Successor.



F thou chance for to find
 A new House to thy mind
 And built without thy Cost :
 Be good to the Poor,
 As God gives thee store,
 And then my Labour's not lost.

3. On Lord Danvers.



SACRED marble, safely keep
 His dust, who under thee must sleep,
 Until the years again restore
 Their dead, and time shall be no more.
 Mean while, if he, (which all things wears)
 Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
 Are shed for him; dissolve thy frame,
 Thou art requited: for his fame,
 His virtue, and his worth shall be
 Another monument to thee.

4. A Paradox.*

*(From a MS. Collection formerly Dr. Rawlinson's, in the Bodleian
 Library, Oxford.)*

*That the Sick are in a better case,
 than the Whole.*



YOU who admire yourselves because
 You neither groan nor weep,
 And think it contrary to Nature's laws
 To want one ounce of sleep,

* See a poem (No. xli.) in the *Synagogue* at the end of the volume.

Your strong belief
Acquits yourselves, and gives the sick all grief.

Your state to ours is contrary,
That makes you think us poor,
So Black-moors think us foul, and wee
Are quit with them, and more,
Nothing can see,
And judge of things but mediocrity.

The sick are in themselves a state
Which health hath nought to do.
How know you that our tears proceed from woe,
And not from better fate?
Since that mirth hath
Her waters also and desired bath.

How know you that the sighs we send
From want of breath proceed,
Not from excess? and therefore we do spend
That which we do not need;
So trembling may
As well show inward warbling, as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities
By outward form and shew,
But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of the two, the far more desperate.

You always fear to feel those smarts
Which we but sometimes prove,
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but grofs joys you move :
Why then confefs
Your fears in number more, your joys are lefs.

Then for yourselves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you vifit us, and plaint or cafe,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.



LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

IV. Parentalia.

AUCTORE G. HERBERT.*

Memoriæ Matris Sacrum.



I.

H Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
 Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
 Sicca meis lacrymis *Thamesis* vicina videtur,
 Virtutumque choro ficcior ipse tuo.
 In flumen mœrore nigrum si funderer ardens,
 Laudibus haud fierem sepia iusta tuis.
 Tantùm istæc scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
 Mater: et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

* Printed at the end of Dr. *Donne's* Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady *Danvers*, late wife of Sir *John Danvers*, preached at *Chelsea*, July 1, 1627, together with other Commemorations of her by her son *G. Herbert*. Lond. 1627, 18mo.—See *Barnabas Oley's Life of Herbert*, p. civ. and *Walton's Life*, p. xviii. prefixed to *Herbert's Remains*.



2.

CORNELIÆ sanctæ, graves Sempronïæ,
 Et quicquid uspiam est severæ fœminæ,
 Conferte lacrymas : Illa, quæ vos miscuit
 Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.
 Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
 Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus ;
 Quandoque vultûs sola majestas, Dolor.

Decus mulierum periit : et metuunt viri
 Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit.
 Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
 Struices superbas atque turritum caput
 Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
 (Nam post *Babelem* linguæ adest confusio,)
 Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
 Substructionem capitis et nimbium brevem,
 Animam recentem rite curavit sacris
 Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.

Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
 Horti, colique distributim pensitat.
 Suum cuique tempus et locus datur.
 Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
 Ratione certâ vita constat et domus,
 Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo.
 Totâ renident æde decus et suavitas
 Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
 Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio,
 Surrexit unâ et illa, seseque extulit :
 Occasione certat imò et obtinet.
 Proh ? quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
 Lepos severus, *Pallas* mixta *Gratiis* ;
 Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia :
 Aut si negotio hora sumenda est, rei
 Per angiportus et mæandros labitur,
 Ipsos *Catonas* provocans oraculis.
 Tum quantâ tabulis artifex ? quæ scriptio ?

Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
 Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
 Volant per orbem literæ notissimæ :
 O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
 Quò nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,
 Pæctoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.

Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens
 Mulcensque dotes cæteras, visa est quasi
 Cælestis harmoniæ breve præludium.
 Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum ?
 Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
 Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum :
 Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
 Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
 Fatisco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
 Solùm dolores,—et dolores, stellulæ !

At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta censes filio,
 Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
 Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
 Ergo ipse solùm mutus atque excors ero
 Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis ?
 Mihine Matris urna clausa est unico,
 Herbæ exoletæ, ros-marinus aridus ?
 Matrine linguam refero, solùm ut mordeam ?
 Abito barde ! Quàm piè istic sum impudens ?
 Tu verò Mater perpetim laudabere
 Nato dolenti : literæ hoc debent tibi
 Quêis me educaſti ; sponte chartas illinunt
 Fructum laborum consecutæ maximum
 Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inscii.

3.



UR splendes, O *Phæbe* ? ecquid demittere Matrem
 Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes ?
 At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
 Mens superat ; corpus solùm Elementa tenent.

Scilicet id splendes : hæc est tibi causa micandi
 Et lucro apponis gaudia sancta tuo.
 Verùm heus si nequeas cœlo demittere Matrem,
 Sitque omnis motûs nescia, tanta quies,
 Fac radios saltèm ingemines, ut dextera tortos
 Implicet, et Matrem, Matre manente, petam.



4.

QUID nugor calamo favens?
 Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
 Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
 Quin cœli mihi sunt mei,
 Materni decus, et debita nominis,
 Dumque his invigilo frequens
 Stellarum socius, pellibus exuor.
 Quare Sphæram egomet meam
 Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo:
 Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
 Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
 Per te nascor in hunc globum,
 Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum:
 Bis tu Mater eras mihi,
 Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.



5.

HORTI, deliciæ Dominæ, marcescite tandem;
 Ornâstis capulum, nec supereffe licet.
 Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrefcit, acutâ
 Cultricem revocans anxietate manum:
 Terram et funus olent flores: Dominæque cadaver
 Contiguas stirpes afflat, æque rofas.
 In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,

Quæque domus Dominæ fit, gravitate docent.
 Quare haud vos hortos, sed cæmeteria dico,
 Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
 Eugè, perite omnes; nec posthâc exeat ulla
 Quæsitum Dominam gemma vel herba suam.
 Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumultosque paternos;
 (Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
 Occidite; aut sanè tantispèr vivite, donec
 Vespere ros mæstis funus honestet aquis.



6.

GALENE frustrâ es, cur miserum premens
 Tot quæstionum fluctibus obruis,
 Arterias tractans micantes
 Corporeæ fluidæque molis
 Aegroto mentis? quam neque pixides
 Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
 Utrumque si præderis *Indum*,
 Ultrâ animus spatietur exlex.
 Impos medendi, occidere si potes,
 Nec sic parentem ducar ad optimam:
 Ni sanctè, uti Mater, recedam,
 Morte magis viduabor illâ.
 Quin cerne ut erres inscie, brachium
 Tentando sanum: si calet, æstuans,
 Ardore scribendi calescit,
 Mater inest saliente venâ.
 Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax,
 Ne membra culpes, causâ animo latet
 Qui parturit laudes parentis:
 Nec gravidis medicina tuta est.
 Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est:
 Non exigatur crasis ad alterum.
 Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est
 Atque animo medicatur unum.



7.

ALLIDA materni Geni atque exanguis imago,
 In nebulas similesque tui res gaudia numquid
 Mutata? et pro Matre mihi phantasma dolosum
 Uberaque aerea hiscentem fallentia natum?
 Væ nubi pluvîâ gravidæ, non lacte, measque
 Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
 Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila *Juno*,
 Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia vernæ,
 Tam languens genitrix cineri supposita fugaci:
 Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum,
 Quale paludosos jamjam liçtura recessus
 Prætulit *Astræa*, aut folio *Themis* alma vetuæo
 Pensilis, atque acri dirimens examine lites.
 Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
 Quod superest vitæ, infumam: Solisque jugales
 Ipse tuæ solùm adnectam, sine murmure, then sæ.
 Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus in sto,
 Effluxisse dies, *suffocatamve *Minervam*,
 Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
 In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas
 Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.
 Est mihi bis quinque laqueata domuncula tignis
 Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
 Luctatur spacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui
 Judicii dominus, flores ut junctius halent
 Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus
 Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum.
 Hic ego tuque erimus, variæ suffitibus herbæ
 Quotidiè pasti: tantùm verum indue vultum
 Affectusque mei similem; nec languida misce

* The old edition has *suffocat amne Minervam*, which is evidently corrupt and unmeaning. The emendation will at once be admitted by the scholar.

Ora meæ memori menti : ne dispare cultu
 Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
 Atque inter reliquos horti crescentia fœtus
 Nostra etiam paribus marcescant gaudia fatis.



8.

ARVAM piamque dum lubentèr semitam
 Grandi reæque præfero.
 Carpsit malignum fidus hanc modestiam
 Vinumque felle miscuit.
 Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio
 Ipsis feverus orbibus,
 Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ
 Sufurrat aure quispiam,
 Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
 Gusto proboque Dolium.



9.

HOC, Genitrix, scriptum proles tibi sedula mittit.
 Siste parum cantus, dum legis ista, tuos.
 Nôsse sui quid agant, quædam est quoque musica sanctis,
 Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere potest.
 Nos miserè flemus, solesque obducimus almos
 Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
 Interea classem magnis Rex instruit ausis :
 Nos autem flemus : res ea sola tuis.
 Ecce solutura est, ventos causata morantes :
 Sin pluviam : fletus suppeditâsiet aquas.
 Tillius incumbit *Dano* : Gallusque marinis :
 Nos flendo : hæc nostrûm tessera sola ducum.
 Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
 Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.

Plura tibi missurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
 Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem?)
 Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit,
 Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.



10.

EMPE hucusque notos tenebricosos,
 Et mæstum nimio madore Cælum,
 Tellurisque *Britannicæ* salivam
 Injustè satis arguit viator.
 At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
 Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
 Cum probro madidum, reumque diffat.
 Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant:
 Te nunc *Anglia*, *Scotiæque* binæ,
 Quin te *Cambria* pervetusta deflet,
 Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
 Ne feræ meritis tuis venirent.
 Non est angulus uspiam serenus,
 Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.



11.

UM librata suis hæret radicibus ilex
 Nescia Vulturis cedere, firma manet.
 Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
 Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero:
 Arbor et ipse inversa vocor: dumque infitus almæ
 Assideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
 Nunc forti pateo, expositus sine Matre procellis,
 Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
 Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmissima, Mater
 Ceu Polypus, chelis faxes prendo tenax:

Non tibi nunc soli filium abrupere sorores
 Diffutus videor funere et ipse tuo.
 Unde vagans passim rectè vocer alter *Ulysses*,
 Alteraque hæc tua mors, *Ilias* esto mihi.



12.

ACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
 Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,
 Iisque ficcis, adeo ut os *Molossorum*
 Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escæ.
 Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
 Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, *Meduseæ*,
 Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
 Tantoque nequioris optimâ *Pyrrhâ*.
 At forte Matrem perdere haud soles demens:
 Quin nec potes; cui præbuit *Tigris* partum.
 Proinde parco belluis, nec irascor.

13.



Epitaphium.

HIC sita fœminei laus et victoria fexus:
 Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens:
 Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
 Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
 Sic excelsa humilisque simul loca diffita junxit,
 Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et astra, fruens.

14.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
 Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίξο, φίλε, μόνον.
 Νῆ δ' αὐτῆ τάφος ἐς' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνης
 Φεγγάδῃ μόνον, ὡς εἶκος, ἔπαυλιον ἔχει.
 Νῦν ὁράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγῆς
 Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἐπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
 Ὅς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπου
 Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

15.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
 Ὀδυρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
 Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόος καὶ κινδύνου
 Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίης.
 Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεῶν,
 Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σὴνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις
 Ἐχρην φυγοῦσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
 Μενεῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίρροον τρόπων,
 Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
 Νῦν δ' ὄχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
 Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κᾶγων· ἢ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας
 Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινήν εὐωδίαν,
 Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
 Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
 Εἴπου τύχοιμι τῆσδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
 Θανεῖν συνειδῶς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

16.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
 Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
 Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
 Δακρύνοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
 Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἀνδρῶν
 Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαύτην
 Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
 Τάλας; εἴθε γ' Ἄργος εἶην
 Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
 Ἴνα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
 Ἄρετὰς διακριθείσας
 Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

17.

Αἰιάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιιάζουσι, καὶ ἄλλοι,
 Οὐκ ἔθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἀρωγόν,
 Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἐλόντες.
 Οὐκ ἐνὶ θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ὕδωρ,
 Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθόν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
 Ἥ θέμις, ἢ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
 Δημόσιον τ' ἰνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.

Αἰιάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
 Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἤτορ,
 Αὐτὰρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι· εὔτε γὰρ αὐταὶ
 Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἐοῦ κοικίλματος ἄρδην
 Λήσμονες, ἢ βελόνῃ σφαλερῶ κῆρ τραύματι νύττει
 Ἔργου ἀμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
 Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.

Αἰιάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
 Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·

Ἦς βίος ἡλίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἴεντος
 Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
 Αὐτὰρ ὁδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίας ὡς ἥλιος αὔρος
 Σειρίου ἠττηθεῖς βεβλήμασι, πάντα μαραΐνει.
 Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχὺ τι πνεύων, ὡς ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
 Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζῶειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
 Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοισι ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

18.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμῆσεος, αἶκε σελήνης
 Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
 Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
 Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὑμῖν ἀνισταμένοις.
 Ἄλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαΐνη,
 Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

19.



EXCUSSOS manibus calamos, falcemque resumptam
 Rure, sibi dixit *Musa* fuisse probro.
 Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine *Parcis*)
 Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra suum.
 Non potui non ire acri stimulante flagello :
 Quin Matris superans carmina poscit honos.
 Eja, agedum scribo : vicisti *Musa* ; sed audi,
 Stulta semel scribo, perpetuò ut fileam.



V. Georgii Herberti. Angli Musæ
 Responsoræ, ad Andreae Melvini Scoti
Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriam.

Pro Supplici Evangelicorum Ministrorum
 in Anglia, ad Serenissimum Regem contra
 Larvatam Geminæ Academiae Gorgo-
 nem Apologia ;
 Sive *Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria,*

AUCTORE ANDREA MELVINO.



Responsum, non Dictum.

NSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
 Scilicet, (poscit ratio ut decori,
 Poscit ex omni officio ut sibi mens
 Conscia recti)

Anxiam Christi vigilémque curam,
 Quæ pias terras animas relictis
 Sublevans deducit in astra, nigróque
 Invidet *Orco,*

De facri casta ratione cultûs,
 De Sacro-sancti Officii decoro
 Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
 Porr'gere Regi,

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
 Spiritu recto, et studiis modestis,
 Numinis sancti veniam, et benigni
 Regis honorem

Ritè præfantem : Scelus expiandum
 Scilicet taurorum, ovium, fuúmque
 Millibus centum, voluisse nudo
 Tangere verbo

Præfulum fastus ; monuisse Ritus
 Impios, deridiculos, ineptos
 Lege, ceu labes, maculáque lectâ ex
 Gente fugandos.

Júsque-jurandum ingemuiffe jura
 Exigi contra omnia ; tum misellis
 Mentibus tristem laqueum injici per
 Fásque, nefásque.

Turbida illimi Crucis in lavacro
 Signa consignem ? magico rotatu
 Verba devolvam ? sacra vox sacratâ im-
 murmuret undâ

Strigis in morem ? Rationis usu ad-
 -fabor Infantem vacuum ? canoras
 Ingeram nugas minùs audienti
 Dicta puello ?

Parvulo impôstis manibus sacrabo
 Gratiaæ fœdus ? digitóne Sponsæ
 Annulus Sponsi impositus sacrabit
 Connubiale

Fœdus æternæ bonitatis? Undâ
 Num salutari mulier Sacerdos
 Tinget in vitam, *Sephorám*que reddet
 Lustrica mater?

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
 Ritè quadrabit? *Pharium* camillo
 Supparum *Christi*, et decus *Antichristi*
 Pontificale

Pastor examen gregis exigendum
 Curet invitus, celebrare cœnam
 Promptus arcanam, memorando *Jesu*
 Vulnera dira?

Cantibus certent *Berecynthia* æra
 Muficûm fractis? reboëntve rauco
 Tempa mugitu? Illecebris supremi ah
 Rector *Olympi*

Captus humanis? libitûmque nobis,
 Scilicet, Regi id Superûm allubescet?
 Somniûmque ægri cerebri profanum est
 Dictio sacra?

Haud fecus luftri Lupa *Vaticani*
Romuli fæcem bibit, et bibendam
 Porrigit poc'lo, populis'que et ipsis
 Regibus aureo.

Non ità æterni *Witakerus* acer
 Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen
 Dixit, aut fenfit; neque celsa fummi
 Penna *Renoldi*.

Certa sublimes aperire calles,
 Sueta cœlestes iterare curfus,
 Læta misceri niveis beatæ
 Civibus aulæ;

THE POEMS OF

Nec *Tami*, aut *Cami* accola faniore
 Mente, qui cœlum fapit in frequenti
Hermathenæo, et celebri *Lyceo*
 Cultra juvenlus,

Cujus affulget genio *Jovæ* lux,
 Cui nitens *Sol* justitiæ renidet,
 Quem jubar *Christi* radiantis alto
 Spectat *Olympo*.

Bucerum laudem? memorémque magnum
 Martyrem? gemmas geminas renati
 Aurei sæcli, duo dura facri
 Fulmina belli?

Alterum *Camus* liquido recurfu,
 Alterum *Tamus* trepidante lymphâ
 Audiit, multum stupuítque magno
 Ore fonantem.

Anne mulcentem *Rhodanum*, et *Lemanum*
 Prædicem *Bezam* viridi in fenectâ?
 Octies cujus trepidavit ætas
 Claudere denos

Solis anfractus reditúsque, et ultra
 Quinque percurrens spatiosa in annos
 Longiùs florem viridantis ævi
 Prorogat et ver.

Oris erumpit scatebra perenni
 Amnis exundans, gravidíque rores
 Gratia fœcunda animos apertis
 Auribus implent.

Major hic omni invidia, et superstes
 Millibus mille, et *Sadeclæ*, et omnium
 Maximo *CALVINO*, aliísque veri
 Testibus æquis;

Quisquis hanc furda negat aure, quâ fe
Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras,
Ille ter prudens, sapiensque, et omni ex
Parte beatus.

Ergò vos *Cami* proceres, *Tamique*,
Quos viâ flexit malefuadas error,
Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in-
fistite callem.

Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem sperate, et amœna folis
Tartara Diris ;

Quæ manent fontes animas, trucésque
Præfulum fastus, malè quas perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu-
stodia pernox.

Veste bis tinctâ *Tyrio* superbos
Murice, et pastos dape pinguiore
Regia quondam aut *Saliari* inuncta a-
bdomine cœna.

Qualis *Ursini*, *Damasi*que fastus
Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
Ambitu pugnax, sacram et ædem, et urbem
Cæde nefandâ

Civium incestavit, et omniosum
Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum,
Præfulum quod nobilium indecorus
Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri sacra ? quid cupido
Ambitu diro fera non propagat
Posteris culpæ ? mala damna quanta
Plurima fundit ?



VI. Pro Disciplina Ecclesiæ Nostræ, Epigrammata Apologetica.

- I. Augustissimo Potentissimoque Monarchæ
Jacobo, D. G. Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et
Hiberniæ Regi, Fidei Defensori, etc.

Geo. Herbertus.



ECCE recedentis fœcundo in littore *Nili*
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Antè tui, *CÆSAR*, quàm fulserat aura favoris,
Nostræ etiam *Musæ* vile fuere lutum :
Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
Sintque ausæ thalamum solis adire tui.

- II. Illustriss. Celsissimoque Carolo, Walliæ,
et Juventutis Principi.



QUAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
Obtutu placido benignus affles,
Nam [que] aspectibus è tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigrasque blattas,

Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,
 Ceu, quas culta timet seges, pruinas
 Nascentes radii fugant, vel acres
 Tantùm dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
 Sic ô te (juvenem, senémve) credat
 Mors semper juvenem, senem *Britanni*.

III. Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, ac
 Domino, Episcopo Vintoniensi, etc.



[*Lancelot Andrewes.*]

SANCTE Pater, cœli custos, quo doctius uno
 Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident ;
 Cùm mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
 Claudî, penè tuas præteriêre fores.
 Sed properè, dextrêque reduxit euntia sensus,
 Ista docens foli scripta quadrare tibi.

IV. Ad Regem Epigrammata Duo.



I. Instituti Epigrammatici Ratio.

NUM millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem
 Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope ;
 Nè te productis videar lassare Camœnis,
 Pro solido, *Cæsar*, carmine frustra dabo.
 Cùm tu contundens *Catharos*, vultúque librísque,
 Grata mihi mensæ sunt analecta tuæ.



2. Ad Melvinum.

NON mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, laceſſam ;
 Non ut te ſuperem : res tamen ipſa feret.
 Ætatis numerum ſupplebit cauſa minorem ;
 Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egóque ſenex.
 Aſpice, dum perſtas, ut te tua deſerat ætas ;
 Et mea ſint canis ſcripta referta tuis.
 Ecce tamen quàm ſuavis ero ! cùm, fine duelli,
 Clauſerit extremas pugna peracta vices,
 Tum tibi, ſi placeat, fugientia tempora reddam ;
 Sufficiet votis iſta juventa meis.

3. In Monſtrum Vocabuli Anti-Tami-
Cami-Categoria.*Ad Eundem.*

QUAM bellus homo es ! leſido quàm nomine fingis
 Iſtas *Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias* !
 Sic *Catharis* nova ſola placent ; res, verba novantur :
 Quæ ſapiunt ævum, ceu carioſa jacent.
 Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces :
 Non tibi fingendi ſola taberna patet.
 Cùm ſacra perturbet veſter furor omnia, ſcriptum
 Hoc erit, *Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria*.
 Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
 Eſt *Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria*.



4. Partitio Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriæ.

RES video partes, quò re diſtinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ :

Ritibus* una Sacris opponitur ; † altera Sanctos
 Prædicat auctores ; ‡ tertia plena Deo est.
 Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque ;
 Ipse pios laudo ; Numen et ipse colo.
 Non nisi prima suas patiuntur prælia lites.
 O bene quòd dubium possideamus agrum !



5. In Metri Genus.

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poesis,
 Sola tibi *Sappho*, feminàque una placet ?
 Cur tibi tam facilè non arrisère poetæ
 Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede ?
 Cur non lugentes Elegi ? non acer *Iambus* ?
 Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
 Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
 Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias ;
 Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
 Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus :
 Nunc etiam teneras quòd versus gratior aures
 Mulceat, imbelles complacuère modi.



6. De Larvata Gorgone. §

GORGONA cur diram, larvâsque obtrudis inanes,
 Cùm propè fit nobis Musa, *Medusa* procul ?
 Si, quia felices olim dixère poetæ
 Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
 Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Túque tuíque
 Sumite *gorgoneam*, nostráque *Pallas* erit.

* Ab initio ad ver. 65.

† Inde 176.

‡ Inde ad ver. 128.

§ In titulo.



7. De Præfulum Fastu.*

DRÆSULIBUS nostris fastus, *Melvine*, tumentes
 Sæpius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas.
 An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis
 Eminent, id tumidum protinus esse feres?
 Ergò etiam Solem dicas, ignave, superbum,
 Qui tam sublimi conspicit orbe viam:
 Ille tamen, quamvis altus, tua crimina ridens
 Affiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
 Sic laudandus erit nactus sublimia Præful,
 Qui dulci miseros irradiabit ope.



8. De Gemina Academia.†

QUIS hîc superbit, oro? tûne, an Præfules?
 Quos dente nigro corripis?
 Tu duplicem solus Camœnarum thronum
 Virtute percellis tuâ;
 Et unus impar æstimator viribus,
 Utrumque sternis calcitro:
 Omnésque stulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
 Te perspicaci, atque integro.
 An rectiùs nos, si vices vertas, probi,
 Te contumaci, et livido?
 Quisquis tuetur perspicillis *Belgicis*
 Qua parte tractari solent,
 Res ampliantur, sin per adversam videt,
 Minora fiunt omnia:
 Tu qui superbos cæteros existimas
 (Superbius cùm te nihil)
 Vertas specillum: nam, prout se res habent,
 Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

* Ver. 21.

† In titulo.



9. De S. Baptismi Ritu.*

CUM tener ad sacros infans sistatur aquales,
 Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
 Annon sic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemptor
 Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
 Scilicet emptorem si res aut parcior ætas
 Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
 Forfitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
 Et per se Templi limen adire velis:
 Sin, *Melvine*, pedes alienos postulet infans,
 Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi?
 Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præstes,
 Quæ ratio per se, si sit adulta, facit.
 Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter.
 Cùm nequeat claras ipse litare preces?
 Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli:
 Et tibi sit nemo præes, ubi poscis opem.



10. De Signaculo Crucis.†

CUR tanta sufflas probra in innocuam Crucem?
 Non plùs maligni dæmones *Christi* cruce
 Unquam fugari, quàm tui focii solent.
 Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit
 Vitâsse *Christi* spiritum efflantis crucem.
 Et *Christianus* quisque piscis dicitur
 Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
 Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
 Natâre sine clarissima potest cruce?
 Sed non moramur: namque vestra crux erit,
 Vobis faventibúsvē, vel negantibus.

* Ver. 34.

† Ver. 29.



11. De Juramento Ecclesiæ.*

ARTICULIS facris quidam subscribere jussus,
 Ah! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
 O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
 Ordinis osores articulare malum.



12. De Purificatione post Puerperium.†

NIXAS pueros matres se sistere templis
 Displicet, et laudis tura litare Deo.
 Fortè quidem, cùm per vestras Ecclesia turbas
 Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
 Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
 Vitâque neglectas est fatìs ulta preces.
 Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
 Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nefas.
 Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
 Nostra caro sanctæ nescia laudis erit?
 Adde piis animis quævis occasio lucro est,
 Quæ possint humili fundere corde preces.
 Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi
 Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
 Appositè quem commotum subfugerat olim,
 Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.



13. De Antichristi Decore Pontificali.‡

NON quia Pontificum sunt olim afflata veneno,
 Omnia sunt temere projicienda foras.
 Tollantur si cuncta malus quæ polluit usus,
 Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

* Ver. 25.

† Ver. 22.

‡ Ver. 48.



14. De Superpelliceo.*

UID sacræ tandem meruêre vestes?

Quas malus livor jaculis laceffit
Polluens castam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris?

Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
Luce prælustri, vel honore pollet,
Mens sub insigni specie coloris
Concipit albi.

Scilicet talem liquet esse solem;
Angeli vultu radiante candent;
Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
Veste triumphant.

E creaturis sine mentis usu †
Conditis binas homini sequendas
Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
Candor amicus.

Ergò ringantur pietatis hostes,
Filiî noctis, populus malignus,
Dum suum nomen tenet, et triumphat
Albion albo.



15. De Pileo Quadrato. ‡

UÆ dicteria fuderat *Britannus*
Superpellicei tremendus hostis,
Isthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit supremam;
Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minùs acribus notetur.

* Ver. 49.

† Ovis, et Columba. Columal. 6. 7. c. 2. et 8. c. 8.

‡ Ver. 45.

Verùm heus! si reputes, tibi tuisque
 Longè pileus anteit galerum,
 Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
 Qui vestras edit intimè medullas.
 Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
 Quos Ecclesia comprobat, verendum
 Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.



16. In Catharum.

UR *Latiam* linguam reris nimis esse profanam?
 Quam præmissa probant secula, nostra probant?
 Cur teretem *Græcam* damnas, atque *Hellada* totam,
 Qua tamen occisi fœdera scripta Dei?
 Scilicet *Hebræam* cantas, et perstrepis unam:
 Hæc facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.



17. De Episcopis.*

UOS charos habuit *Christus* Apostolos,
 Testatòsque suo tradiderat gregi;
 Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
 Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,
 Mites acciperent Lampada Præfules,
 Servaréntque sacrum clavibus ordinem;
 Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
 Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
 Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices
 Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens.
 O cœcum populum! si bona res fiet
 Præsul, cur renuis? sin mala, pauculos
 Quàm cunctos fieri præstat episcopos.

* Ver. 129.



18. De Iisdem, ad Melvinum.*

RÆSULIBUS dirum te *Musa* coarguit hostem,
An quia Textores, Artificésque probas?



19. De Textore Catharo.

UM piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
Ut sanctum Domini perfequerentur opus;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam *Flaminis* artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ stamine telas†
Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.



20. De Magicis Rotatibus.‡

UOS tu rotatus, quale murmur aufcultas
In ritibus nostris? Ego audio nullum.
Agè, provocemus úsque ad Angelos ipsos,
Aurésque superas; arbitri ipsi sint litis,
Utrum tenore sacra nostra sint necne
Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut, quæ Papicolis propria, assuas nobis,
Falsúmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero?] versu?
Tu perstrepis tamen; útque turgeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poeta belle non mystes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,§

* Ver. 184.

‡ Ver. 30. 32.

† Ver. 59.

§ Ver. 33.

Diſteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
 Non convenire precibus iſta Divinis.
 O ſævus hoſtis! quàm ferociter pugnas!
 Nihilne respondebimus tibi? Fatemur.



21. Ad Fratres.

SEC'LUM lepidum! circumſtant undique Fratres,
 Papicolisſque ſui ſunt, Cathariſque ſui.
 Sic nunc plena boni ſunt omnia Fratris, amore
 Cùm nil fraterno rarius eſſe queat.



22. De Labe, Maculisque.*

LABECULAS, maculâſque nobis objicis,
 Quid? hoccine eſt mirum? Viatores ſumus.
 Quò ſanguis eſt *Chriſti*, niſi ut maculas lavet,
 Quas ſpargit animæ corporis propius lutum?
 Vos ergo puri! O nomen appoſitiſſimum
 Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
 Aſtronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
 Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
 Totuſque cænum *Cynthiæ* ignoſcit notis.
 Eccleſia eſt mihi luna; perge in fabulâ.



23. De Muſica Sacra.†

CUR efficaci, *Deucalion*, manu,
 Poſt reſtitutos fluctibus obices,
 Mutas in humanam figuram
 Saxa ſupervacuâſque cautes?

* Ver. 23.

† Ver. 54.

Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,
 Et nos reducas ad lapides avos :
 Nam faxa mirantur canentes,
 Saxa lyras, citharásque callent.
 Rupes tenaces, et filices ferunt
 Potentiori carmine percitas
 Saltus per incultos, lacúsque
 Orphea mellifluum secutas.
 Et faxa diris hispida montibus
Amphionis testitudine nobili
 Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,
 Mænia contribuère *Thebis*.
 Tantùm repertum est trux hominum genus,
 Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,
 Non erubescents vel ipfas
 Duritiâ superare cautes.
 O plena centum Musica Gratiis,
 Præclariorum spirituum cibus,
 Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
 Ut celebrem decus infufurras ?
 Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum
 Cæno profani corporis exuens
 Ter millies cælo reponis :
 Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes ?
 Ardore *Moses* concitus entheo,
 Mersis revertens lætus ab hostibus
 Exuscitat plebem sacratos
 Ad Dominum properare cantus.
 Quid hocce ? Psalmos audiôn' ? O dapes !
 O succulenti balsama spiritus !
 Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
 Deciduae melioris orbis
 Quos *David*, ipsæ deliciae Dei,
 Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
 Sionis excelsas ad arces
 Cum citharis, lituisque miscet.
 Miratur æquor finitimum sonos,
 Et ipse *Jordan* sistit aquas stupens ;

Præ quo *Tibris* vultum recondit,
Eridanúsque pudore fufus.
 Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
 Et nullus audis? Cantibus obftrepens,
 Ut, quò fatiges verberésque
 Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris?
 At cui videri prodigium potest
 Mentis, quietis tympana publicæ,
 Discordiis plenas fonoris
 Harmoniam tolerare nullam!



24. De Eadem.*

ANTUS sacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
 Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.



25. De Rituum Ufu.†

UM primùm ratibus suis
 Nostram *Cæsar* ad infulam
 Olim appelleret, intuens
 Omnes indigenas loci
 Viventes sine vestibus,
 O victoria, clamitat,
 Certa, ac perfacilis mihi!
 Non alio *Cathari* modo
 Dum sponsam Domini piis
 Orbam ritibus expetunt,
 Atque ad barbariem patrum
 Vellent omnia regredi,
 Illam tegminis infciam

* Ver. 35.

† Ver. 21.

Prorsus Dæmoni, et hostibus
Exponunt superabilem.

Atqui vos fecus, O boni,
Sentire, ac sapere addecet,
Si vestros animos regant
Scripturæ canones sacre :
Namque hæc, jure, cūpiam
Vestem non adimi suam,
Sed nudis et egentibus
Non suam tribui jubet.



26. De Annulo Conjugali.

SED nec conjugii signum, *Melvine*, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi si signa placent, è nubibus arcum
Eripe cælesti qui moderatur aquæ.
Illa quidem à nostro non multum abludit imago,
Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas, et nostro parcito signo,
Cui non absimilis sensus inesse solet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
Merferat in lustris perniciofa venus,
Annulus hos revocet, sistatque libidinis undas
Legitimi signum connubiale tori.



27. De Mundis et Mundanis.

EX prælio undæ ignisque (si physicis fides)
Tranquillus aer nascitur :
Sic ex profano *Cosmico* et *Catharo* potest
Christianus extundi bonus.



28. De Oratione Dominica.*

QUAM *Christus* immortalis innocuo gregi
 Voce suâ dederat,
 Quis crederet mortalibus
 Orationem rejici septemplicem,
 Quæ miseris clypeo
Ajacis est præstantior?
 Hæc verba, superos advolaturus thronos
Christus, ut auxilii
 Nos haud inanes linqueret,
 (Cum dignius nil posset aut melius dare)
 Pignora charâ sui
 Fruenda nobis tradidit.
 Quis sic amicum excipiet, ut *Cathari* Deum,
 Qui renovare sacri
 Audent amoris Symbolum?
 Tu verò quisquis es, cave nè, dum neges
 Improbe verba Dei,
 Te deneget Verbum Deus.



29. In Catharum quendam.

QUAM templis effare, madent fudaria, mappæ,
 Trux caper alarum, suppara, læna, fagum.
 Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris:
 Nunc fudas solus; cætera turba riget.

* Ver. 31.



30. De Lupa Lustris Vaticanis.*

ALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus?

Nec *Vaticanae* defines unquam *Lupæ*?
 Metus inanes! Nos pari prætervehi
 Illam *Charybdim* cautione novimus
 Vestramque *Scyllam*, æquis parati spiculis
Britannicam in Vulpem, inque *Romanam* Lupam.
 Dicti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo,



Mora, et Amor.

ROMA, tuum nomen quam non pertransiit *Oram*,

Cùm *Latium* ferrent sæcula prisca jugum?
 Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
 Unde *Maro* laudes duxit ad *Astra* tuas.
 At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria *Ramo*
 A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
 Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut *Armo*
 Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.
 Quin tibi jam desperatæ *Mora* nulla medetur;
 Qua *Fabio* quondam sub duce nata falus.
 Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre vicissim;
 Et cum sublatâ laude recedit *Amor*.

* Ver. 61.



31. De Impositione Manuum.

NEC dextra te fugit almi amoris emblema?
 Atqui manus imponere integras præstat,
 Quàm (more vestro) imponere incio vulgo.
 Quanto impositio melior est imposturâ!

32. Supplicum Ministrorum raptus



κωμωδούμενος.

AMBITIO *Cathari* quínque constat actibus.

- I. Primò, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
 Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
- II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanferit
- III. Paulò, secretis musfitans in angulis
 Quærit recessus. Incalescit fabula,
- IV. Erumpit inde, et continere nescius
- V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
 Præ spiritu ruptis, quò eas refarciat
Amstellodamum corripit se. *Plaudite.*



33. De Auctorum Enumeratione.

QUO magis invidiam nobis et crimina confles,
 Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque Bucerum,
 Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
 Assiduus nostræ papilionis erat.
 Nos quoque possimus longas conscribere turmas,
 Si numero starent prælia, non animis.
 Primus adest nobis, *Phariseis* omnibus hostis,
Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis.

Tu geminas belli portas, O *Petre*, repandis,
 Dum gladium stringens *Paulus* ad arma vocat.
 Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetustas.
 Nempe Novatores quis *Veteranus* amat?
 Jam *Constantinus* multo se milite miscet;
 Invisamque tuis erigit hasta Crucem.
 Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes
 Lampada, quâ studiis invigilare solet.
 Téque *Deum* alternis cantans *Ambrosius* iram,
 Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
 Hæc etiam ad pugnam præfens, quâ vivimus, ætas
 Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem.
 Quos inter plenûsque Deo, geniôque *Jacobus*
 Defendit veram mente manûque *fidem*.
 Interea ad sacrum stimulat sacra Musica bellum,
 Qua sine vos miseri lentiùs itis ope.
 Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
 Ordine discerni maxima bella solent.
 O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis
 Eventum *Naso* vidit et admonuit;
Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes:
Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.



34. De Auri sacra Fame.*

LAUDIS avaritiâ Satyram; statuísque sacrorum
 Esse recidendas, *Æace* noster, opes.
 Cætera condonabo tibi, scombrísque remittam:
 Sacrilegum carmen, cenfeo, flamma voret.



35. Ad Scotiam Protrepticon ad Pacem.

COTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta sub *Arcto*,
 Cur adeo immodicâ religione cales?

* Ver. 201.

Anne tuas flammæ ipsa Antiperistasis auget,
 Ut nive torpentes incaluerunt manus?
 Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordacius urit,
 Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
 Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua est,
 Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas;
 Aut potius *Christi* sanguis demissus ab alto,
 Vicinûsque magis nobiliorque fluit:
 Nè, si flamma novis adolescat mota flabellis,
 Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.



36. Ad Seductos Innocentes.

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
 Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
 Absit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;
 Perstringunt vestros carmina sola duces.
 O utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
 Vobis, aut illis pectora vestra forent.



37. Ad Melvinum.

AQUI te precor unicè per ipsam,
 Quæ scripsit numeros, manum; per omnes
 Musarum calices, per et beatos
 Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas;
 Quin per *Presbyteros* tuos; per urbem
 Quam curto nequeo referre versu;
 Per charas tibi, nobilisque dextras,
 Quas subscriptio nequiquam inquinavit;
 Per quicquid tibi suaviter probatur;
 Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
 Aut sævum reputes. Amica nostra est
 Atque edentula *Musa*, nec veneno
 Splenis perlita contumeliosi.

Nam si te cuperem fecare verfu,
 Totámque evomerem potenter iram
 Quam aut ecclesia despícata vobis,
 Aut læfæ mihi fuggerunt *Athenæ*,
 (Et quem non stimularet hæc similtas)
 Jam te funditus igneis Camœnis,
 Et *Musa* crepitante subruiffem :
 Omnis linea sepíam recusans
 Plumbo ducta fuiffet æftuanti,
 Centum ftigmatibus tuos inurens
 Profanos fremitus bonásque fannas :
 Plùs charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
 Hæfiffet tibi, quàm fuprema veftis
 Olim accreverit *Herculi* furenti :
 Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum
 Extruxiffem, ubi, cum moneret ufus,
 Haurirent tibi tota plaufta *Mufæ*.

Nunc hæc omnia fuftuli, tonantes
 Affectus fociis tuis remittens.
 Non te carmine ¹ turbidum vocavi,
 Non deridiculumve, five ² ineptum,
 Non ³ ftrigues, ⁴ magiámve, vel rotatus,
 Non ⁵ faftus tibi ⁶ turgidos repono ;
⁷ Errores, ⁸ maculas, ⁹ fuperbiámque,
¹⁰ Labes, ¹¹ fomniáque, ¹² ambitúfque diros,
 Tinnitus ¹³ *Berecynthios* omittens
 Nil horum regero tibi merenti.

Quin te laudibus orno : quippe dico,
Cæfar sobrius ad rei *Latinae*
 Unus dicitur advenire cladem :
 Et tu folus ad *Angliæ* procellas
 (Cùm plerúmque tuâ fodalitate
 Nil fit craffius, impolitiúfve)
 Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

¹ Ver. 29.	² 21.	³ 33.	⁴ 30.	⁵ 21.
⁶ 193.	⁷ 178.	⁸ 23.	⁹ 129.	¹⁰ 23.
¹¹ 59.	¹² 262.	¹³ 53.		

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38. Ad Eundem.

NCIPIS irridens ; stomachans in carmine pergis ;
Definis exclamans : Tota figura, vale.



39. Ad Seren. Regem.

ECCĒ pererratas, Regum doctissime, nugas,
Quas gens inconsulta, suis vexata procellis,
Libandas nobis, absorbendâsque propinat !
O cæcos animi fratres ! quis vestra fatigat
Corda furor, spissâque afflat caligine sensus ?
Cernite, quàm formosa suas Ecclesia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit *Olymum* !
Vicini populi passim mirantur, et æquos
Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus :
Angelicæ turmæ nostris se cætibus addunt :
Ipse etiam *Christus* cælo speculatus ab alto
Intuitûque uno stringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet *Anglia* cultus.
Scilicet has olim divisas æquore terras
Seposuit Divina sibi, cùm conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmâmque suâ quasi pyxide clausit.
O qui *Defensor Fidei* meritissimus audis,
Responde æternùm titulo ; quóque ordine felix
Cœpisti, pergas simili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes :
Quâsque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
Hæresis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit ?
Tu venas laticésque omnes, quos sacra recludit
Pagina, gustâsti, multóque interprete gaudes :
Tu Synodósque, Patresque, et quod dedit alta vetustas
Haud per te moritura, Scholâmque introspicis omnem.
Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis

Viscera naturæ, commistúsque omnibus astris
 Ante tuum tempus cælum gratissimus ambis.
 Hac ope munitus securior excipis undas,
 Quas *Latii*, *Catharique* movent, atque inter utrasque
 Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.

Perge, decus Regum ; sic, Augustissime, plures
 Sint tibi vel stellis laudes, et laudibus anni :
 Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, aufint
 Gaudia sola fores : sic quicquid somnia mentis
 Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem ;
 Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido
 Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
 Sola *Jacobæum* decantent carmina nomen.



40. Ad Deum.

QUEM tu, summe Deus, semel
 Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
 Illum non labor irritus
 Exercet miserum ; non dolor unguium
 Morsus increpat anxios ;
 Non mæret calamus ; non queritur caput :
 Sed fœcunda poësews
 Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artibus
 Qualis nescius aggerum
 Exundat fluvio *Nilus* amabili.
 O dulcissime spiritus,
 Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inferis
 A Te Turture defluos,
 Quòd scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.



VII. Inventa Bellica.



E Mfso. Autog.

Q^H Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis !

Quem non *Emathius* torrens, non sanguine pinguis
Daunia, non fatiat bis ter millesima cædis
 Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
 Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
 Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas ;
 Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipsaque vitam
 Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.

Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
 Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis.
 Compita fervere pedibus, clamoribus æther.
 Hic ubi discumbunt per gramina, falsior unus
 Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque laceffit :

Non fert *Ucalegon*, atque amentata retorquet
 Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.

Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
 Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca furoris,
 Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina

Sunt præter vitam : saxis hic sternitur, alter
 Ambustis sudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
 Bacchantur *Lapithæ*, furit inconstantia vini,
 Sanguine quem dederat spolians : primordia belli
 Hæc fuerant, sic *Tisiphone* virguncula lusit.

Non placuit rudis atque ignara occisio, morti
 Quæritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur.
 Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque assueta juvenus,
 Fictaque *Bellona*, et veræ ludibria pugnæ,

Instructæque acies, hyemesque in pellibus actæ.
 Omniaque hæc ut transfadigant sine crimine costas
 Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
 Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes
 Affiduus tyro, si sit spectanda voluntas.
 O superi! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat,
 Quantum cædi? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
 Perdere sexcentas? crescet tamen hydra nocendi
 Tristis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
 Fœcundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus,
 Expleri nequit, at totum depascitur orbem.
 Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
 Balistasque, Onagrosque, et quicquid *Scorpio* sævus
 Vel Catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri,
 Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes sanguine *Galli*
 Fustibales, fundasque quibus cum numine fretus
 Stravit Idumæum divinus *Tityrus* hostem.

Adde etiam currus et cum temone *Britanno*
Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quæque metentes.
 Quin aries ruit et multâ *Demetrius** arte,
 Sic olim cecidere.

Deerat adhuc vitiis nostris dignissima mundo
 Machina, quam nullum fatis execrabitur ævum;
 Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,
 Fusaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea fulcis:
 Exoritur tubus, atque instar *Cyclopi* *Homeri*,
 Luscum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens!
 Inde rotæ atque axis subeunt, quasi sella curulis,
 Qua mors ipsa sedens hominum de gente triumphat.
 Accedit *Pyrius* pulvis laquearibus *Orci*
 Exulis, Infernæ pretiosa tragemata mensæ,
 Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
 Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetustas
 Creditur, ante satas prono cum vertice fruges.
 Plumbea glans, livenisque suæ quasi conscia noxæ,
 Purpureus licitor *Plutonis*, epistola fati

* *Poliorcates*, cog: (thus the manuscript.)

Plumbis obfignata, colosque et flamina vitæ
 Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
 Hæc ubi vinctâ, subit vivo cum fune minister,
 Fatalemque levans dextram, qua stupeus ignis
 Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
 Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
 Materiam vexat, nec jam se continet antro
Tisiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cinctâ ;
 Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
 It stridor, cælosque omnes et *Tartara* findit.
 Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel musica sphaeræ
 Vel gemitus *Erebi*, piceo se turbine volvens,
 Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo
 Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
 Diffugiunt, fragilisque crepant cœnacula mundi.
 Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
 Uno ictu ; non sic pestis, non stella maligno
 Afflatu perimunt. En *Cymba Cocytia* turbis
 Ingemit, et defessus opem jam portitor orat.
 Nec glans sola nocet, mortem quandoque susurrat
 Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
 Dicite vos, *Furiæ* ! qua gaudet origine monstrum ?
 Nox *Ætnam*, noctemque *Chaos* genuere priores,
Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic *Ixiona Græcis*
 Cantatum, deinde *Ixion* cum nubibus atris
 Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
 Triste colens fellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum
 Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monstrum.
 Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere tristi
 Versatos neget ? atque humiles queis talia cordi
 Tam demissa, ipsamque adeo subeuntia terram ?
 Nec tamen hic mortis rabies stetit ; exilit omni
 Tormento peior *Jesuita*, et fulminat orbem,
 Ridens bombardas miseras, quæ corpora perdunt
 Non animas ; raroque ornantur sanguine regum
 Obstreperæ stulto sonitu, crimenque fatentes.
 Siftimus hic, inquit fatum, fat prata biberunt
 Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis *Abelum*.

G. HERBERTE.



VIII. Alia Poemata Latina.

1. Ad Auēctorem Instaurationis magnæ.



[Franciscum Bacon.]

DER strages licet auctorum veterumque ruinam
 Ad famæ properes vera *Tropæa* tuæ,
 Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam suaviter hostes,
 Se quasi donatum funere quisque putat.
 Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
 Vulnerèque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos.
 O quàm felices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur,
 Cùm per te fit res ambitiosa mori.

2. In Honorem Illustrissimi Domini Francisci de Verulamio Vice-Comitis Sti. Albani.



Post editam ab eo Instaaur. magnum.

QUIS iste tandem? non enim Vultu ambulat
 Quotidiano. Nescis, ignare? audies.
 Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
 Inductionis Dominus; et *Verulamii*;
 Rerum Magister unicus, at non Artium:
 Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;
 Naturæ Aruspex intimus; Philosophiæ

Ærarium, Sequester Experientiæ,
 Speculationisque ; Æquitatis Signifer ;
 Scientiarum subpupillari statu
 Degentium olim Emancipator ; Luminis
 Promus : Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium ;
 Collega Solis : Quadra Certitudinis :
 Sophismatum Mastix : *Brutus* Literarius,
 Autoritatis exuens Tyrannidem :
 Rationis et Sensus Stupendus Arbiter ?
 Repumicator mentis : *Atlas* Physicus,
 Alcide succumbente *Stagiritico* ;
 Columba *Noæ*, quæ in vetustate Artibus
 Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præstitit
 Ad se suumque Matris, Arcam regredi.
 Subtilitatis terebra ; Temporis nepos
 Ex veritate Matre ; Mellis Alveus ;
 Mundique et Animarum Sacerdos unicus ;
 Securisque Errorum ; inque Natalibus
 Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Crescens sibi ;
 O me prope Lassum ! Juvate Posteris.

GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN
 ACADEM. CANTAB.

3. In Obitum incomparabilis Francisci Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani,

Baronis Verulamii.



DUM longi lentique gemis sub pondere morbi,
 Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede ;
 Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam sentio tandem :
 Constat, *Aprile* uno te potuisse mori :
 Ut *Flos* hinc lacrymis, illinc *Philomela* querelis,
 Deducant *Linguæ* funera sola tuæ.

4. Comparatio inter Munus Summi
Cancellariatus et Librum.



MUNERE dum nobis prodes, libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt sæcula quæque tuas ;
Munere dum nobis prodes, libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas :
Hæ tibi sunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus ?

5. Æthiopissa ambit Cestum diversi
Coloris Virum.



UID mihi si facies nigra est ? hoc, Ceste, colore
Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exustâ semper sit fronte viator ;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro sit terra solo, quis despicit arvum ?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi :
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras ;
Hoc saltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi sit facies fumus, quas pectore flammæ
Jamdudum tacitè delituisse putes ?
Dure, negas ? O fata mihi præfaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuere genas !

6. In Natales et Pascha Concur-
rentes.



UM tu, *Christe*, cadis, nascor ; mentémque ligavit
Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.
O me disparibus natum cum numine fatis !
Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, *Christe*, negas ?

Quin moriar tecum : vitam, quam negligis ipse,
 Accipe ; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
 Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere præstes,
Christe, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi :
 Atque ibi per te sanctificer natalibus ipsis,
 In vitam, et nervos pascha coæva fluat.

7. Ad Johannem Donne, D.D. de uno
 Sigillorum ejus, Anchora et Christo.



QUOD crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi
 (Tenere *Christum* scilicet, ne ascenderet)
 Tuive *Christum* devocans facundia
 Ultra loquendi tempus ; addit Anchora :
 Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
 Addas Sigillum : nempè symbolum suæ
 Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis
 Quondam fessus amor loquens amato
 Tot et tanta loquens amica ; scripsit
 Tandem et fessâ manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
 Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
 (In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum.
 Munde, fluas fugiâsque licet, nos nostrâque fixi :
 Deridet motus sancta Catena tuos.

8. In Obitum Serenissimæ Reginae Annæ.



(E Lacrymis Cantabrigiensibus.)

QUO te, felix *Anna*, modo deflere licebit?
 Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat:
 Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique,
 Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus.
 Quis, nisi qui manibus *Briareus*, oculisque fit *Argus*,
 Scribere te dignum vel lacrymare queat?
 Frustra igitur fudo; superest mihi sola voluptas,
 Quod calamum excusent Pontus et *Astra* meum:
 Namque *Annæ* laudes cœlo scribuntur aperto,
 Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

9. In Obitum Henrici Principis Walliæ.*



(Ex Epicedio Cantabrigiensi.)

TE leves (inquam), *Parnassia* numina, musæ!
 Non ego vos posthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
 Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo:
 Sed nec *Cirrhæi* saltus, *Libethriave* arva
 In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens est,
 Sic quasi Diis certem, magnos accersere montes;
 Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte,
 Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores:
 Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora sævo
 Tota stupent luctu) lachrymisque exæstuet æquis

* *Fuller*, in his *Church History*, Book x. Cent. xvii. says, "Give me leave to add one more, untranslatable for its elegancy and expressiveness, made by Mr. *George Herbert* :—

‘*Uteriora timens cum morte paciscitur Orbis.*’”

Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina funto :
Musa, vale ! et tu, *Phæbe* ! dolor mea carmina dictet ;
 Hinc mihi principium : vos, o labentia mentis
 Lumina, nutantes paulatim acquirite vires,
 Vivite, dum mortem ostendam : sic tempora vestram
 Non comedant famam, sic nulla oblivia potent.
 Quare age, mens ! effare, precor, quo numine læso ?
 Quæ suberant causæ ? quid nos committere tantum,
 Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina lustrent ?
 Annon longa fames, miseræque injuria pestis
 Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum ?
 Jam felix *Philomela*, et menti conscia *Dido* !
 Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis !
 Non metuunt ultra ; nostra infortunia tantum
 Fataque, Fortunasque et spem læsere futuram.
 Quod si fata illi longam invidere salutem
 Et patrio regno (sub quo jam Principe nobis
 Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat ?)
 Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis ætas :
 Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus.
 Sic lætare animos et sic ostendere gemmam
 Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
 Quare etiam nuper *Pyrii* de pulveris ictu
 Principis innocuam servâstis numina vitam
 Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere proftet.
Phæbe, tui puduit, quum summo mane redires,
 Sol sine sole tuo ! quum te tum nubibus atris
 Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte silenti
 Humana æternos agerent præcordia questus :
 Tantum etenim vestras, *Parcæ*, non flectit habenas
 Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba sola es
 Cui cæcas tribuit vires annosa vetustas !
 Quid non mutatum est ? requiêrunt flumina cursus :
 Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum :
 Cur ideo verbis tristes effundere curas
 Expeto, tanquam hæc sic nostri medicina doloris ?
 Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
 Ut fluvio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.



INNUPTA *Pallas*, nata *Diespatre* !

Æterna summæ gloria regiæ !

Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ

Pieridis Latæque Musæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis

Quacunq̄ gutta temporis imminent ?

Tantaq̄ue propendet statera

Regula fanguinolenta fati ?

Numne *Hydra* talis tantaq̄ue bellua est

Mors tot virorum sordida sanguine

Ut mucro rumpatur *Minervæ*

Utq̄ue minax superetur *Ægis* ?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cærulū

Uffisse pronō fulmine diceris,

Ajacis exefas triremes

Præcipitans graviore casu.

Tu discidisti *Gorgoneas* manus

Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,

Furvosq̄ue vicisti Gigantem

Enceladum, pharetramq̄ue *Rhæci.*

Ceu victa, musis porrigit herbulas

Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,

Non ulla *Bellonæ* furentis

Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæsia vocibus

Respondit: Eia! ne metuas precor,

Nam fata non iustis repugnant

Principibus, sed amica fiunt.

Ut si recisis arboribus meis

Nudetur illic lucus amabilis,

Fructusq̄ue post mortem recusent

Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
 Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
 Dignamque cœlesti corona
 Harmoniam dabit inter astra.



10. E Msto. Autog.

QUUM petit Infantem Princeps, *Grantamque Jacobus,*
 Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor?
 Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus Infans
 Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.



11. E Msto. Autog.

VERO verius ergo quid fit, audi
 Verum, *Gallice,* non libenter audis.

The Synagogue

OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE SACRED

POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULA-
TIONS IN IMITATION OF MR. GEORGE
HERBERT

[BY CHRISTOPHER HARVEY M.A.]

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.
Plin. Sec. lib. i. Ep. 5.

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

LONDON
M DCCC XXXXVI



Advertisement to the Synagogue.

THE *Synagogue* was first published in 1640,* without the author's name; and the authority for ascribing the work to *Christopher Harvey* rests upon the following evidence: In the *Complete Angler*, chap. v. *Walton*, after quoting *George Herbert*, says, *And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine, that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our Book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling; then follow the Verses on the Book of Common Prayer, printed in this volume, p. 310, which are subscribed, Ch. Harvie.* In the second edition of the *Complete Angler*, published in 1653, will be found Commendatory Verses, addressed to *Walton* by "*Ch. Harvie, M. of Arts.*" In the fourth edition of the *Synagogue* are verses by

* Printed by *T. L.* for *Phil. Stephens*, and *Christopher Meredith*, at the *Golden Lion*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. The second edition enlarged, was published *Lond.* 1647; third edit. 1657; fourth, 1661; fifth, 1667; sixth, 1673; seventh, 1679; eighth, 1703; ninth, 1709, and since with almost every edition of the *Temple*.

Walton, addressed to my reverend friend, the Author of the Synagogue, wherein he says,

*I loved you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person, but now love you more.*

From these facts there cannot be any doubt that the work is assigned to its true author.

Another work, probably by *Ch. Harvie*, is entitled *Schola Cordis; or the Heart of itselfe gone away from God; brought back againe to him; and instructed by him, in 47 emblems*, LONDON, printed for H. Blunden, at the Castle in Cornhill, 1647, 12mo. pp. 196.* In the edition of 1675 it is stated that they were written by the Author of the SYNAGOGUE annexed to *Herbert's Poems*; if so, this volume must be also ascribed to *Christopher Harvey*; it should, however, be observed, that it has been reprinted two or three times, within the last half century, and ascribed to *Francis Quarles*, but erroneously.

The only *Christopher Harvey* that can be traced in both universities, and who probably was our author, is the one mentioned by *Anthony Wood*, who says that he was a minister's son of CHESHIRE, was born in that county, became a battler of Brazen-Nose College, in 1613, aged sixteen years, took the degrees in Arts,† that of Master being completed in 1620,

* The second edition was printed in 1674; third in 1675; fourth, 1676; the emblems were taken from a work by *Benedictus Haestenus*, entitled *Schola Cordis sive averfi a deo cordis ad eundem reductio et instructio*, Antv. 1635.

† B. A. 19th May, 1617; M. A. 10th May, 1620.

holy orders, and at length was made vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire. His works are these :*

- I. ΑΦΗΝΙΑΣΤΗΣ : or, the Right Rebel, a Treatise discovering the true Use of the Name by the Nature of Rebellion, with the Properties and Practices of Rebels. Applicable to all, both old and New Phanatics, by *Christopher Harvey*, Vicar of *Clifton*, in the county of *Warwick*. *Lond.* Printed for *R. Royston*, Bookseller to his sacred Majesty, 1661, oct. p. 176, besides title, dedication, and preface, eight leaves. †
- II. Faction supplanted : or, a Caveat against the ecclesiastical and secular Rebels, in two Parts. 1. A discourse concerning the Nature, Properties, and Practices of Rebels. 2. Against the Inconstancy and inconsistent Contrariety of the same Pretensions and Practices, Principles and Doctrines. *Lond.* 1663, oct. "penn'd mostly in 1642, and finished 3 Ap. 1645. This book, I suppose (for I have not seen it, or the other,) is the same with the former, only a new title put to it, to make it vend the better. Another book goes under his name, called *Conditions of Christianity*, printed at *Lond.* in tw. but that, or any other besides, I have not yet seen." *A. Wood, Athenæ Oxon.* ed. *Bliss*, v. 3, p. 538.

* By the kindness of the Rev. *J. H. C. Moor*, the present rector of *Rugby*, the following additional particulars of *Christopher Harvey* have been obtained. He was instituted November 14, 1639. On the 12th of June 1642, were baptized *Bridget* and *Mary*, the daughters of *Christopher Harvey*, clerk, and *Margaret*, his wife. In September 24, 1643, a son, named *Whitney*, was baptized, who was buried Oct. 11, in the same year, (he appears to have been named after the patron of the living of *Clifton*, *Sir Robert Whitney*, knt. of *Whitney, Herefordshire*,) another son, named *Thomas*, was baptized Feb. 22, 1645; and on the 4th of April, 1663, was "buried *Mr. Christopher Harvey, vicar of Clifton.*"

† Dedicated to the Hon. *Sir Geoffery Palmer*, knt. and bart. In the preface the author states that it was finished April 3, 1645, and the postscript added March 11, 1660.

- III. *An edition of The Churches Exercise under Affliction: or an exposition of the LXXXV Psalm, by Mr. Thomas Pierſon, late Reſtour of Brompton Brian, in the county of Hereford. London, printed for Philemon Stephens, at the Gilded Lyon in Paul's Church-yard, 1647, with a dedication by Ch. Harvey to his honoured patron, Sir Robert Whitney, knight, and a poſtſcript to the Chriſtian Reader.**
- IV. *An edition of The Great Charter of the Church. Contayning a Catalogue of gracious priviledges granted unto it by the King of Heaven: or an expoſition of the LXXXVII Psalm. By Mr. Thomas Pierſon, &c. as before, with a dedication by Ch. Harvey, to Lady Anne Whitney.*
- V. *An edition of Excellent encouragements againſt afflictions; or Expoſitions of four ſeleſt Pfalmes: the XXVII, LXXXIV, LXXXV, and LXXXVII, containing,*
1. David's triumph over diſtreſſe.
 2. David's heart's deſire.
 3. The Churches exerciſe under affliction.
 4. The Great Charter of the Church.

By the learned and laborious, faithfull and prudent Miniſter of God's word, Mr. *Thomas Pierſon*, late Paſteur of *Brompton-Brien* in the county of *Hereford* [Rom. 15. 4. quoted]. *London*, printed by *John Legatt*, for *Philemon Stephens*; at the *gilded Lion* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, MDCXLVII. 4to.†

* In the dedication of this work, *Ch. Harvey* ſays—*And having long agoe put on almoſt an obſtinate reſolution never to ſend mine own name to the preſſe (except it be, as now I do, to bring to light another man's labour).* This expreſſion tends to ſhew that he was the writer of other works, but to which he did not affix his name.

† The firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth editions of *The Synagogue* were “printed by T. L. for *Philemon Stephens*, at the *gilded Lion* in *Paul's Church-yard*, 1647,” who was the publiſher of the three laſt-mentioned works edited by *Chriſtopher Harvey*, from which fact, there can be but little doubt that all the foregoing works are by the ſame author or editor.



To my Reverend Friend, the Author of
The Synagogue.

SIR,

I LOVED you for your *Synagogue*, before
I knew your person ; but now love you more ;
Because I find

It is so true a picture of your mind :
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire,
Where holy *Herbert* fits
(O shame to profane wits !)

And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise
Of Him that is the first and last of days.

These holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth ;
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear.

Herbert and you have power
To do this : every hour
I read you kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in

To fight against it ; and the *Holy Ghost*
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy War, taught by your happy pen,
The *Prince of Peace* approves. When we poor men

Neglect our arms,
 We are circumvested with a world of harms.
 But I will watch, and ward,
 And stand upon my guard,
 And still consult with you
 And *Herbert*, and renew
 My vows, and say, *Well fare his, and your heart,*
The fountains of such sacred Wit and Art.

IZAACK WALTON.

To the Author.

HE that doth imitate must comprehend ;
Verse, Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit ;
 For these all our Church-Poet doth intend,
 And he who hath this Imitation writ.
 O glory of the time ! best English Singer,
 Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.
R. Langford of Gray's-Inn,
 Counsellor of Law.

To his ingenious Friend, the Author of the
 Synagogue, upon his additional
 Church-Utenfils.

SIR,
SO the cheap touch-stone's bold
 To question the more noble gold ;
 As I, at your command,
 Put forth my blushing hand

COMMENDATORY VERSES. 295

To try these raptures, sent to my poor test :
But since your question's, *Are they like the rest ?*
I say they are the best :
That once conceived, the other is confest.

But, Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They're like the father too ;
And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,
Herbert ! to be like whom, who'd not be dead ?
Herbert ! whom when I read,
I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

Herbert ! whose every strain
Twists holy breasts with happy brain ;
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he
Must climb Mount *Calvary* for *Parnassus'* hill,
And in his Saviour's fides baptize his quill ;
A *Jordan* fit to instil
A faint-like style, back'd with an angel's skill.

He was our *Solomon*,
And you are our *Centurion* ;
Our *Temple* him we owe,
Our *Synagogue* to you :
Where if your piety so much allow
That structure with these ornaments to endow,
All good men will avow,
Your *Synagogue*, built before, is furnish'd now.

J. L.

SIR,

WHILE I read your lines, methinks I spy
 Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hierarchy :
 What potent charms are these ! you have the knack
 To make men young again, and fetch time back.
 I've lost what was bestow'd on *Judah's* prince,
 And am now where I was thrice five years since.
 The mid-space shrunk to nothing, manners, men,
 And times, and all look just as they did then.
 Rubbish and ruin's vanish'd, every where
 Order and comeliness afresh appear.
 What cannot Poets do ? They change with ease
 The face of things, and lead us as they please.
 Yet here's no fiction neither. We may see
 The Poet, Prophet ; his Verse, History.

A. S.

Jan. 1, 1654.



The Synagogue.



I. Subterliminare.

*Q*UIC, *cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit?*
Ede.

Condidit Herbertus. Dic, quibus auxiliis?

Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.

Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.

Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat

Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.

Ars negat, et nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;

Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.

Divide: materiam det gratia, materiaeque

Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.

Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,

Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.

Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,

Materiamque, ars, et gratia, et ingenium.

Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,

De Templo Herberti talia dicta dabit.

In Templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus,

Ars pariter totus, totus et ingenium.

Cedite Romanae, Graecae quoque cedite Musae;

Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

2. A Stepping Stone

To the Threshold of Mr. *Herbert's*

Church-Porch.

WHAT Church is this? Christ's Church. Who
builded it?

Master *George Herbert*. Who assisted it?

Many assisted: who I may not say,

So much contention might arise that way.

If I say grace gave all; wit straight doth thwart,

And says, All that is there is mine: but Art

Denies, and says, There's nothing there but's mine:

Nor can I easily the right define.

Divide: say, Grace the matter gave, and Wit

Did polish it: Art measured, and made fit,

Each several piece, and framed it altogether.

No, by no means: this may not please them neither.

None's well contented with a part alone,

When each doth challenge all to be his own.

The matter, the expressions, and the measures,

Are equally art's, wit's, and grace's treasures.

Then he, that would impartially discuss

This doubtful question, must answer thus:

In building of his Temple, Master *Herbert*

Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.

Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:

One English Poem darkens all your day.

F 3. The Dedication.

LORD, my first fruits should have been sent
 For thou the tree, [to thee ;
 That bare them, only lentest unto me.

But while I had the use, the fruit was mine :
 Not so divine
 As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the ground :
 And since I found
 It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have pick'd, and wiped, and bring thee now,
 Lord, thou know'st how :
 Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,
 Accept the rest.

Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

T 4. The Church-yard.

THOU that intendest to the Church to day,
 Come, take a turn, or two, before thou go'st,
 In the Churchyard ; the walk is in thy way.

Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most :

But he that unprepared rashly ventures,
 Hastens perhaps to seal his death's indentures.



5. The Church-Stile.

SEEST thou that stile? Observe then how it
 Step after step, and equally descends : [rises,
 Such is the way to win Celestial prizes :
 Humility the course begins, and ends.

Wouldst thou in grace to high perfections grow?
 Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thyself, and God will lift thee up :
 Those that exalt themselves he casteth down :
 The hungry he invites with him to sup ;
 And clothes the naked with his robe and crown.

Think not thou hast, what thou from him wouldst
 have :

His labour's lost, if thou thyself canst save.

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
 Which casteth all away by griping all :
 Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
 And gains by giving, riseth by its fall.

To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,
 Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.



6. The Church-Gate.

NEXT to the stile, see where the gate doth stand,
 Which, turning upon hooks and hinges may
 Easily be shut, or open'd with a hand :

Yet constant to its centre still doth stay ;
 And fetching a wide compass round about,
 Keeps the same course, and distance, never out.

Such must the course be that to heaven tends ;
 He that the gates of righteousness would enter,
 Must still continue constant to his ends,
 And fix himself in God, as in his centre.
 Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way
 Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we loose our hold
 Of him that is our way, our light, our guide :
 But, when we grow of our own strength too bold,
 Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aside.
 He holds us up, whilst in him we are found :
 If once we fall from him, we go to ground.



7. The Church-Walls.

NOW view the walls : the Church is compass'd round,
 As much for safety, as for ornament :
 'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground ;
 'Tis God's freehold, and but our tenement.
 Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be :
 Our children have the same right to't as we.

Remember there must be no gaps left ope,
 Where God hath fenced, for fear of false illusions.

God will have all, or none : allows no scope
 For sin's encroachments, or men's own intrusions.
 Close binding locks his Laws together fast :
 He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for none ;
 Obedience universal he doth claim.
 Either be wholly his, or all thine own :
 At what thou canst not reach, at least take aim :
 He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
 Might as well hood-wink'd shoot, or in the dark.



8. The Church.

FIRSTLY, consider where the Church doth
 stand,
 As near unto the middle as may be ;
 God in his service chiefly doth command
 Above all other things sincerity.
 Lines drawn from side to side within a round,
 Not meeting in the centre, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing
 That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him ;
 He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
 Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
 A sacred Temple of the Holy Ghost
 Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisy in Church is Alchemy,
 That casts a golden tincture upon brass :
 There is no essence in it : 'tis a lie,
 Though, fairly stamp'd, for truth it often pass :
 Only the spirits *aqua regia* doth
 Discover it to be but painted froth.



9. The Church-Porch.

NOW, ere thou passest further, sit thee down
 In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast seen ;
 Let due consideration either crown,
 Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
 Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
 Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory :
 And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
 Sincerity ; It blots the history
 Of all religious actions, and doth blast
 The comfort of them, when in them God sees
 Nothing but outsides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not ;
 And rather for God's sake, than for thine own :
 Thou hast robb'd him, unless that he have got
 By giving, if his glory be not grown
 Together with thy good : who seeketh more
 Himself than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
 Thou must resolve upon integrity.
 God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
 Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
 It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find
 That there is any one thing left behind.

And having given him all, thou must receive
 All that he gives. Meet his Commandment :
 Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
 Until it reach unto the same extent.
 For all his Precepts are of equal strength,
 And measure thy performance to the length :

Then call to mind that constancy must knit
 Thine undertakings and thine actions fast :
 He that sets forth towards heaven, and doth fit
 Down by the way, will be found short at last.
 Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have
 A heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he that would be constant, must not take
 Religion up by fits, and starts alone ;
 But his continual practice must it make :
 His course must be from end to end but one.
 Bones often broken, and knit up again, [gain.
 Lose of their length, though in their strength they

Lastly, remember that Humility
 Must solidate, and keep all close together.
 What pride puffs up with vain futility,

Lies open and exposed to all ill weather.
 An empty bubble may fair colours carry ;
 But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
 Another's worth ; but deal indifferently :
 View the defects of thy spiritual state,
 And other's graces, with impartial eye.
 The more thou deemest of thyself, the less
 Esteem of thee will all men else express.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just
 The sum of all. He that desires to see
 The face of God, in his Religion must
 Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.
 If thus resolved, fear not to proceed : [speed.
 Else the more haste thou makest, the worse thou'lt



10. Church-Utenfils.

BETWIXT two dangerous rocks, Profane-
 nefs on
 The one fide, on the other Superftition,
 How fhall I fail fecure ?
 Lord, be my fteersman, hold my helm,
 And then though winds with waves o'erwhelm
 My fails, I will endure
 It patiently. The bottom of the fea
 Is fafe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,
 And cry, A fig for fear. He that adores
 The giddy multitude
 So much, as to despise my rhymes,
 Because they tune not to the times,
 I wish may not intrude
 His presence here. But they (and that's enough)
 Who love God's house, will like his household stuff.



II. The Font.

THE Font, I say. Why not? And why not near
 To the Church door? Why not of stone?
 Is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
 From whence that water flows alone,
 Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear?

And may not beggars well contented be
 Their first alms at the door to take?
 Though, when acquainted better, they may see
 Others within that bolder make.
 Low places will serve guests of low degree.

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
 Those streams of water-blood run forth?
 The elect and precious corner-stone well tried?
 Though the odds be great between their worth,
 Rock-water and stone vessels are allied.

But call it what, and place it where you will :

Let it be made indifferently

Of any form, or matter ; yet, until

The blessed Sacrament thereby

Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comeliness

Some of my comfort may abate,

And for the present make my joy go less :

Yet I will hug mine homely state,

And poverty with patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,

Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,

The seal, and instrument thereof ; I call

The one, as well as the other, mine,

And my posterity's, as federal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,

By covenants on condition,

To men, and to their heirs ; be not afraid,

My soul, to rest upon

The covenant of grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,

Repentance, faith, obedience,

Whenever practis'd truly, will amount

To an authentic evidence,

Though the deed were antedated at the Font.



12. The Reading-Pew.

HERE my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,
 Here seasoneth her infant taste,
 And at her mother-nurse, the Church's dugs
 With labouring lips and tongue she tugs,
 For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed
 Babes new-born of immortal seed :
 Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
 Must be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,
 Sure have a purpose to obtrude
 Some dictates of their own, instead of God's
 Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
 They do not mean to pay men current coin,
 Who seek the standard to purloin,
 And would reduce all trials to their own,
 But touch-stones, balances, and weights, alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoubt
 Those Comments, that the text leave out?
 And that their main intent is alteration,
 Who dote so much on variation,
 That no set Forms at all they can endure
 To be prescribed, or put in ure ?
 Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
 If not all waste, yet common all to lay.

But why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
Be discontent that such a one,
As knows himself an infant yet, should be
Dandled upon his mother's knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More strength and stomach? Why should not
Nurflings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind.

Let them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair;
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,
And think their turrets top the sky.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.

To take degrees, *per saltum*, though of quick
Dispatch, is but a truant's trick.
Let us learn first to know our letters well,
Then syllables, then words to spell;
Then to read plainly, ere we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not always true,
Whose way to the Pulpit's not the reading Pew.



13. The Book of Common Prayer.

WHAT Prayer by the book? and Common?
Yes. Why not?

The spirit of grace,
And supplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him that prays
With's heart, that with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways,
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
They are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should choose to do it so,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter.

And why should not
That, which Authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got ?

If the Prayer be good, the commoner, the better.

Prayer in the Church's words, as well
As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.



14. The Bible.

THE Bible? That's the Book. The Book in-
The Book of Books ; [deed,
On which who looks,
As he should do, aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him in the night :

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring stomach and digestion good :
And if he be amiss,
This the best Physic is.

The true Panchreston 'tis for every sore
And sickness, which
The poor, and rich

With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
 An antidote, as well
 As remedy 'gainst Hell.

'Tis heaven in perspective, and the blifs
 Of glory here,
 If any where,
 By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
 Whilst faith to every word
 A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glass of souls, wherein
 All men may see,
 Whether they be
 Still, as by nature they are, deform'd with sin ;
 Or in a better case,
 As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spiritual arms,
 Wherein doth lie
 The artillery
 Of heaven, ready charged against all harms,
 That might come by the blows
 Of our infernal foes.

God's Cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis :
 Where weal and woe
 Are order'd so,
 That every man may know which shall be his ;
 Unless his own mistake
 False application make.

It is the Index to Eternity.
 He cannot miss
 Of endless bliss,
That takes this chart to steer his voyage by.
 Nor can he be mistook,
 That speaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compared
 For excellence ;
 Pre-eminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be shared.
 Divinity alone
 Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should
 Say, God of Books ?
 Let him that looks
Angry at that expression, as too bold,
 His thoughts in silence smother,
 Till he find such another.



15. The Pulpit.

THIS dinner time : and now I look
For a full meal. God send me a good Cook :
 This is the dresser-board, and here
I wait in expectation of good cheer.

I'm sure the Master of the house
 Enough to entertain his guests allows :
 And not enough of some one sort alone,
 But choice of what best fitteth every one.

God grant me taste and stomach good :
 My feeding will diversify my food ;
 'Tis a good appetite to eat,
 And good digestion, that makes good meat.
 The best food in itself will be,
 Not fed on well, poison, not food, to me.
 Let him that speaks look to his words ; my ear
 Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
 The bread of Heaven, Angels' food. I fear
 No want of plenty, where I know
 The loaves by eating, more and greater, grow ;
 Where nothing but forbearance makes
 A famine ; where he only wants, that takes
 Not what he will ; provided that he would
 Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same fountain poureth forth
 Water, Wine, Milk, Oil, Honey, and the worth
 Of all transcendent, infinite
 In excellence, and to each appetite
 In fitness answerable ; so
 That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
 Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,
 That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
 Unto the bread of life, and whilst they spare
 To come and take it, they must blame
 Themselves, if they continue still the same.

The body's fed by food, which it
 Assimilates, and to itself doth fit :
 But, that the soul may feed, itself must be
 Transformed to the Word, with it agree.

To milk the strongest men must be
 As new born babes, whenever they it see,
 Desiring, not despising it.
 For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit
 Themselves in time, until they can
 Get by degrees (which best be seem a man)
 Experience-exercised senses, able
 Good to discern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then ; till I see
 The steward reaching out a morsel for me :
 Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
 Whate'er it be, and feed on't heartily.

Although no *Benjamin's* choice morsel,
 Five times as much as others, but far less ;
 Yea, if it be but a basket full of crumbs,
 I'll bless the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
 Be bold, but mannerly withal, sit still
 And see what the Master of the feast
 Will carve unto me, and account that best

Which he doth choose for me, not I
 Myself desire : yea, though I should espy
 Some fault in the dressing, in the dishing, or
 The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholesome, though
 The fauce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go
 Empty away, and starve my soul,
 To feed my foolish fancy ; but control
 My appetite to dainty things,
 Which oft instead of strength diseases brings :
 But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,
 I'll back unto the reading Pew again.



16. The Communion Table.

HERE stands my banquet ready, the last course,
 And best provision,
 That I must feed upon,
 Till death my soul and body shall divorce,
 And that I am
 Call'd to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.
 The name I stick not at,
 Whether't be this, or that,
 I care not much, so that I may be able
 Truly to know
 Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it is made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of tuch,
Or wood, or metal, what will last, or fade ;
So vanity
And superstition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found
Of any fashion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round :
If close it be,
Fix'd, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet, methinks, at a Communion
In uniformity
There's greatest decency,
And that which maketh most for union :
But needlessly
To vary, tends to the breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a party make
For faction,
Or side, but seemingly, in the action.

At a Communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect

No precious stones are meet to match this bread

Divine.

Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead

This wine.

This heavenly food

Is too too good

To be compared to any earthly thing.

For such inestimable treasure can

There be

Vessels too costly made by any man?

Sure he

That knows the meat

So good to eat,

Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that sanctity's not tied

To state,

Yet sure Religion should not be envied

The fate

Of meaner worth,

To be set forth

As best becomes the service of a King.

A King unto whose cross all Kings must vail

Their crowns,

And at his beck in their full course strike fail :

Whose frowns

And smiles give date

Unto their fate,

And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.

I must expect whole swarms of wasps to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing
As Officers, but gifted men ;
Others into the number more would bring,
Than I see warrant for : So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, will censured be,
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter ; If men censure me,
They but my fellow servants are :
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.

I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to please men : and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.



19. The Sexton.

THE Church's key-keeper opens the door,
And shuts it, sweeps the floor,
Rings bells, digs graves, and fills them up again ;
All Emblems unto men,
Openly owning Christianity,
To mark, and learn many good lessons by.

O thou that hast the key of *David*, who
Open'st and shuttest so,
That none can shut or open after thee,
Vouchsafe thyself to be

Our foul's door-keeper, by thy blessed spirit :
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanse thou our sin-foiled souls from the dirt and
Of every noisome lust, [dust
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections :
The besom of afflictions,
With the blessing of thy spirit added to it,
If thou be pleased to say it shall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They seem not now the same.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them so, that they may chime all in.

Let all our sins be buried in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal shame,
And the scandal of thy name.
Let's as door keepers in thine house attend,
Rather than the throne of wickedness ascend.



20. The Clerk.

THE Church's Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utenfils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen ;
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments

Brings in the Elements,
 And takes them out again ;
 Is humble minded, and industrious handed,
 Doth nothing of himself, but as commanded.

All that the Vessels of the Lord
 Do bear with one accord
 Must study to be pure,
 As they are : if his holy eye
 Do any spot espy,
 He cannot it endure ;
 But most expecteth to be sanctified
 In those come nearest him, and glorified.

Psalms then are always tuned best,
 When there is most exprest
 The holy Penman's heart :
 All Music is but discord where
 That wants, or doth not bear
 The first and chiefest part.
 Voices, without affections answerable,
 When best, to God are most abominable.

Though in the blessed Sacraments
 The outward Elements
 Are but as husks and shells ;
 Yet he that knows the kernel's worth,
 If even those fend forth
 Some Aromatic smells,
 Will not esteem it waste, lest, Judas-like,
 Through *Mary's* side he Christ himself should strike.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
 How to speak or think, well,
 Lend us thy helping hand,
 That what we do may pleasing be,
 Not to ourselves but thee,
 And answer thy command :
 So that, not we alone, but thou mayst say
 Amen to all our prayers, pray'd the right way.



21. The Overseer of the Poor.

THE Church's Almoner takes care, that none
 In their necessity
 Shall unprovided be
 Of maintenance, or employment ; those alone,
 Whom careless Idleness,
 Or riotous excess,
 Condemns to needless want, he leaves to be
 Chasten'd a while by their own poverty.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thyself, dost give
 To all men liberally,
 Upbraiding none. Thine eye
 Is open upon all. In thee we live,
 We move, and have our being :
 But there is more than seeing.
 For the poor with thee : they are thy special charge ;
 To them thou dost thine heart and hand enlarge.

Four sorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'st.
 Though always differently,
 With such indifferency,
That none hath reason to complain : thou heal'st
 All those whom thou dost wound :
 If there be any found
Hurt by themselves, thou leavest them to endure
The pain, till the pain render them fit for cure.

Some in the world are poor, but rich in faith :
 Their outward poverty
 A plentiful supply
Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
 And their estate is blest,
 In this above the rest,
It was thy choice, whilst thou on earth didst stay,
And hadst not whereupon thy head to lay.

Some poor in spirit in the world are rich,
 Although not many such :
 And no man needs to grutch
Their happiness, who to maintain that pitch,
 Have a hard task in hand,
 Nor easily can withstand
The strong temptations that attend on riches :
Mountains are more exposed to storms than ditches.

Some rich in the world are spiritually poor,
 And destitute of grace,
 Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth ; but heaven's door

Too narrow is to admit
 Such camels in at it,
 Till they sell all they have, that field to buy,
 Wherein the true treasure doth hidden lie.

Some spiritually poor, and destitute
 Of grace in the world are poor,
 Begging from door to door,
 Accursed both in God's and man's repute,
 Till by their miseries
 Tutor'd they learn to prize
 Hungering and thirsting after righteousness,
 Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happiness.

Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve
 Me how thou wilt thyself,
 No want of worldly pelf
 Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.
 I know thine alms are best :
 But, above all the rest,
 Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
 Without thy grace to countercharm the witches.



22. The Church-Warden.

THE Church's guardian takes care to keep
 Her buildings always in repair,
 Unwilling that any decay should creep
 On them, before he is aware.

Nothing defaced,
Nothing displaced
He likes ; but most doth long and love to see
The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only supervisor art
Of all our works, but in all those,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part ;
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well ;
Nor can we tell
What we should do, unless by thee directed :
It prospers not that's by ourselves projected.

That which we think ourselves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worse :
Reforming of Religion by war
Is the chymic blessing of a curse.
Great odds it is
That we shall miss
Of what we looked for : Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.

'Tis strange we so much dote upon our own
Deformity, and others scorn :
As if ourselves were beautiful alone ;
When that which did us most adorn
We purposely
Choose to lay by,
Such decency and order, as did place us
In highest esteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
 When clothed in needle-work without?
 Or is't not rather both their shame and fin,
 That change her robe into a clout,
 Too narrow, and
 Too thin, to stand
 Her need in any stead, much less to be
 An ornament fit for her high degree?

Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her breaches;
 Clothe all her enemies with shame:
 All the despite that's done unto her reaches
 To the dishonour of thy name.
 Make all her sons
 Rich precious stones,
 To shine each of them in his proper place,
 Receiving of thy fulness grace for grace.



23. The Deacon.

THE Deacon! That's the Minister.
 True, taken generally;
 And without any sinister
 Intent, used specially,
 He's purposely ordained to Minister,
 In sacred things, to another officer.

At whose appointment, in whose stead,
 He doth what he should do,

In some things, not in all : is led
By Law, and custom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this sufficient authority :

Loves not to vary, when he sees
No great necessity ;
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humility ;
Knowing how highly God submission prizes,
Pleased with obedience more than sacrifices.

Lord, thou didst of thyself profess
Thou wast as one that served,
And freely choosest to go less,
Though none so much deserved.
With what face can we then refuse to be
Enter'd thy servants in a low degree ?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humility ;
But we, proud generation,
No difference of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay, more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly serve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If still from both we swerve,
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How to use the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,
 Whom thou hast left to be
 Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
 And minister to thee,
 Though not so well as thou mayst well expect,
 Yet so, as thou wilt pleased be to accept.



24. The Priest.

THE Priest I say, the Presbyter, I mean,
 As now-a-days he's call'd
 By many men : but I choose to retain
 The name wherewith install'd
 He was at first in our own mother tongue :
 And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer,
 Between the Bishop and
 The Deacon ; as a middle offerer,
 Which in the Church doth stand
 Between God and the people, ready press'd
 In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promises
 Of mercy which he makes ;
 For them to him doth all their faults confesse,
 Their prayers and praises takes ;
 And offers for them, at the throne of grace,
 Contentedly attending his own place.

The Word and Sacraments, the means of grace,
 He duly doth dispense,
The flourishes of falsehood to deface,
 With truth's clear evidence ;
And sin's usurped tyranny suppress,
By advancing righteousness, and holiness.

The public censures of the Church he sees
 To execution brought :
But nothing rashly of himself decrees,
 Nor covets to be thought
Wiser than his superiors ; whom always
He actively, or passively, obeys.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediator art
 Of the new Testament,
And fully didst perform thy double part
 Of God and man, when sent
To reconcile the world, and to atone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck,
 Thou art a Priest for ever.
With perfect righteousness thyself dost deck,
 Such as decayeth never.
Like to thyself make all thy Priests on earth,
Bless'd fathers to thy sons of the second birth.

Thou camest to do the will of him that sent thee,
 And didst his honour seek
More than thine own : well may it then repent thee,

Being thyself so meek,
 To have admitted them into the place
 Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.

Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,
 Before it ruin bring
 Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd
 As if 'twere no such thing :
 Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
 Make cursed confusion and contention cease..



25. The Bishop.

THE Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth
 Import that is unlawful, or unfit? [that name
 To say the Overseer is the same
 In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it :
 But sure if men did not despise the thing,
 Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.

Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
 Each Overseer of his several cure ;
 But one Superior, to oversee
 Them altogether, they will not endure :
 This the main difference is, that I can see,
 Bishops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can show of old that ever any
 Presbyteries without their Bishops were :
 Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,

At first must needs be, almost every where?
That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
To assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
The highest Officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to itself, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect birth,
If constituted so at first, and maim'd,
If whom it had, it afterwards disclaim'd.

All order first from unity ariseth,
And the essence of it is subordination :
Whoever this contemns, and that despiseth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
To ascribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are distinct,
And several duties, severally belong
To several persons, can no more be link'd
In altogether, than amidst the throng
Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
Reason can see to act her sovereign part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd ;
And revered by it, so much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Than punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art
Of all that flock, which thou hast purchas'd
With thine own blood : to them thou dost impart
The benefits which thou hast merited,
Teaching, and ruling, by thy blest Spirit,
Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit :

The stars which thou dost hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to understand,
And do accordingly : Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our new politics,
Provoke thee to remove our candle-sticks ;

But let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praise to adorn thine holy ones :
Light and perfection let all men see
Brightly shine forth in those rich precious stones ;
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raise thy new Hierusalem upon.

And, at the brightness of its rising, let
All nations with thy people shout for joy :
Salvation for walls and bulwarks set
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole world thy Diocesis shall be,
And Bishops all but Suffragans to Thee.



26. Church Festivals.

MARROW of time, Eternity in brief
 Compendiums Epitomized, the chief
 Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
 Of all past, present, and succeeding ages,
 Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
 The cream of holiness,
 The inventories
 Of future blessedness,
 The Florilegia of celestial stories,
 Spirits of joys, the relishes and closes
 Of Angels' music, pearls dissolved, roses
 Perfumed, sugar'd honey-combs, delights
 Never too highly prized,
 The marriage rites,
 Which duly solemnized
 Usher espoused souls to bridal nights,
 Gilded sun-beams, refined Elixirs,
 And quintessential extracts of stars :
 Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
 That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.



27. The Sabbath, or Lord's Day.

H <small>AIL</small>	Vail
Holy	Wholly
King of days,	To thy praise,

The Emperor,	For evermore
Or Universal [week's	Must the rehearſal
Monarch of time, the	Of all, that honour ſeeks,
Perpetual Dictator.	Under the world's Crea-
Thy	My [tor.
Beauty	Duty
Far exceeds	Yet muſt needs
The reach of art,	Yield thee mine heart,
To blazon fully ;	And that not dully :
And I thy light eclipse,	Spirits of ſouls, not lips
When I moſt ſtrive to raiſe	Alone, are fit to praiſe
[thee.	[thee.

What	That
Nothing	Slow thing
Elſe can be,	Time by thee
Thou only art ;	Hath got the ſtart,
The extracted ſpirit	And doth inherit
Of all Eternity,	That immortality
By favour antedated.	Which ſin anticipated.

O
 That I
 Could lay by
 This body ſo,
 That my ſoul might be
 Incorporate with thee,
 And no more to fix days owe.

28. The Annunciation, or
Lady-Day.



UNTO the music of the spheres
Let men, and Angels, join in concert theirs.
So great a messenger
From heaven to earth
Is seldom seen,
Attired in so much glory ;
A message welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any story :
This by a double right, if any, may
Be truly styled the world's birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.
God said but, *Let it be,*
And every thing
Was made straightway,
So as he saw it good :
But ere that he could see
A course to bring
Man gone astray
To the place where he stood,
His wisdom with his mercy, for man's sake,
Against his justice part did take.

And the result was this day's news
Able the messenger himself to amuse,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though she were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb
A son she should
Conceive and bear,
As sure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour she possess'd,
Being among all women blest'd.

But blest'd especially in this,
That she believed, and for eternal bliss
Relied on him, whom she
Herself should bear,
And her own son
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they hear,
As she had done,
Suit their behaviour,
They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
'Tis their Annunciation-day.

29. The Nativity, or Christmas-
Day.



UNFOLD thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sun, double the day.
Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once presume
To interpose thy perfect light
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That blessed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And centre of all excellence :
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose centre, and circumference,
Including all pre-eminence,
Excluding nothing but defect,
And infinite in each respect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and every where,
And always, one, himself, the same,
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely pour
Forth all thy light into that hour,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not his birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

30. The Circumcision, or New-
Year's Day.



SORROW betide my fins ! Must smart so soon
Seize on my Saviour's tender flesh scarce grown
Unto an eighth day's age ?
Can nothing else assuage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood ?
Innocent infant, infinitely good !

Is this thy welcome to the world, great God !
No sooner born, but subject to the rod
Of sin-incensed wrath ?
Alas, what pleasure hath
Thy Father's justice to begin thy passion,
Almost together with thine incarnation ?

Is it to antedate thy death ? To indite
Thy condemnation himself, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is so good ?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beest born mortal, and canst die ?

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stays he not till thy time be come to die ?
Didst thou thus early bleed
For us to show what need

We have to hasten unto thee as fast ;
And learn that all the time is lost that's pass'd ?

'Tis true, we should do so : Yet in this blood
There's something else, that must be understood ;
 It seals thy covenant,
 That so we may not want
Witness enough against thee, that thou art
Made subject to the Law, to act our part.

The sacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be ; it gives no intimation
 Of what thou wert, but we :
 Native impurity ;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,
As that in Circumcision was to thee :
 So that thy loss and pain
 Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy Circumcision writ thy death in blood :
Baptism in water seals my livelihood.

O blest change ! Yet, rightly understood,
That blood was water, and this water 's blood.
 What shall I give again,
 To recompense thy pain ?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart :
To quit thy fore-skin, circumcise my heart.

31. The Epiphany, or Twelfth-
Day.



REAT, without controversy great,
They that do know it will confefs
The mystery of godlinefs ;
Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the flefh is manifefl,
And that which hath for ever been
Invisible, may now be feen,
The eternal deity new drefl.

Angels to fhepherds brought the news :
And Wife men, guided by a Star,
To feek the fun, are come from far :
Gentiles have got the flart of Jews.

The flable and the manger hide
His glory from his own ; but thefe
Though flrangers, his reflendent rays
Of Majefty divine have fpied.

Gold, frankincenfe, and myrrh, they give ;
And worshipping him plainly flhow,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whole free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a veil of flesh,
 The sun of righteousness appears,
 Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,
 And making joys spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence,
 Would work effectually in me
 Another new Epiphany,
 Exhale, and elevate me hence :

That, as my calling doth require,
 Star-like I may to others shine ;
 And guide them to that sun divine,
 Whose day-light never shall expire.



32. The Passion, or Good Friday.

HIS day my Saviour died : and do I live ?
 What, hath not sorrow slain me yet ?
 Did the immortal God vouchsafe to give
 His life for mine, and do I set
 More by my wretched life, than he by his,
 So full of glory, and of bliss ?

Did his free mercy, and mere love to me,
 Make him forsake his glorious throne,
 And mount a cross, the stage of infamy,
 That so he might not die alone ;
 But dying suffer more through grief and shame,
 Than mortal men have power to name ?

And can ingratitude so far prevail,
 To keep me living still? Alas!
 Methinks some thorn out of his crown, some nail,
 At least his spear, might pierce, and pass
 Thorough, and thorough, till it rived mine heart,
 As the right death-deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so?
 Would he lay down a price so great,
 And not look that his purchases should grow
 Accordingly? Shall I defeat
 His just desire? O no, it cannot be:
 His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did die
 That I might live: yet died so,
 That being dead he was alive; and I
 Thorough the gates of death must go
 To live with him: yea, to live by him here
 Is a part in his death to bear.

Die then, dull soul, and if thou canst not die,
 Dissolve thyself into a Sea
 Of living tears, whose streams may ne'er go dry,
 Nor turned be another way,
 Till they have drown'd all joys, but those alone,
 Which sorrow claimeth for its own.

For sorrow hath its joys: and I am glad
 That I would grieve, if I do not:
 But, if I neither could, nor would, be sad

And forrowful, this day, my lot
 Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
 Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he grieved for me,
 A greater grief than can be told :
 And like my grief for him no grief should be,
 If I could grieve so, as I would :
 But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
 And will accept, that died for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
 For thou hast given them unto me ;
 So my desires to grieve and die are thine,
 For they are wrought only by thee.
 Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleased
 With that, which thou thyself hast raised.

33. The Resurrection, or Easter- Day.



U P, and away,
 Thy Saviour's gone before.
 Why dost thou stay,
 Dull soul? Behold, the door
 Is open, and his Precept bids thee rise,
 Whose power hath vanquish'd all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
 Whilst in the grave thou liest :

He that doth give

 Thee life would have thee prize 't
More highly than to keep it buried, where
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness,

 And dust so pleafant to thee,
That happiness,
 And heaven, cannot woo thee,
To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
Those fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou fay'ft,

 Thou art buried with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'ft,
 To show, by thy behaviour,
That thou art rifen with him; Till thou shine
Like him, how canst thou fay his light is thine?

Early he rose,

 And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
 Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou fluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drowfy head?

Open thine eyes,

 Sin-feized soul, and fee
What cobweb-ties
 They are, that trammel thee;
Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest;
But los, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good
 Thy Saviour dearly bought
 With his heart's blood ;
 And it must there be fought,
 Where he keeps residence, who rose this day :
 Linger no longer then ; up, and away.

34. The Ascension, or Holy
 Thursday.



MOUNT, mount, my soul, and climb, or rather
 With all thy force on high, [fly
 Thy Saviour rose not only, but ascended ;
 And he must be attended
 Both in his conquest and his triumph too.
 His glories strongly woo
 His graces to them, and will not appear
 In their full lustre, until both be there,
 Where he now sits, not for himself alone,
 But that upon his throne
 All his redeemed may attendants be,
 Robed, and crown'd as he.
 Kings without Courtiers are lone men, they say ;
 And dost thou think to stay
 Behind on earth, whilst thy King reigns in heaven,
 Yet not be of thy happiness bereaven ?
 Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.
 Nothing is wanting there,

That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.
 And, above all the rest,
 Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,
 Higher than what is high'st.
 O grovel then no longer here on earth,
 Where misery every moment drowns thy mirth.

But tower, my soul, and soar above the skies,
 Where thy true treasure lies.
 Though with corruption, and mortality
 Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be ;
 Yet thy fleet thoughts, and sprightly wishes, may
 Speedily glide away.
 To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,
 Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.



35. Whit-Sunday.

NAY, startle not to hear that rushing wind,
 Wherewith this place is shaken :
 Attend a while, and thou shalt quickly find,
 How much thou art mistaken ;
 If thou think here
 Is any cause of fear.

Seest thou not how on those twelve reverend heads
 Sit cloven tongues of fire ?
 And as the rumour of that wonder spreads,
 The multitude admire

To see it : and
Yet more amazed stand

To hear at once so great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to say they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place such words to hear.

Mock not, profane despisers of the spirit,
At what's to you unknown :
This earnest he hath sent, who must inherit
All nations as his own :
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high
To his celestial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
He'll not receive alone,
But likewise give
Gifts unto all that live ;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone ;
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which blessed state of glory,
This is his agent here :
To publish to the World that happy story,
Always, and every where,
This resident
Embassador is sent.

Heaven's lieger upon earth to counter-work
The mines that Satan made,
And bring to light those enemies, that lurk
Under sin's gloomy shade :
That hell may not
Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babel's curse, confusion, is retrieved ;
Diversity of tongues
By this division of the spirit relieved :
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of different rites.

O let his entertainment then be such
As doth him best besit :
Whatever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it :
For who doth this
Reaps the first-fruits of blifs.

36. Trinity Sunday.



GRACE, Wit, and Art, assist me ; for I see
 The subject of this day's solemnity
 So far excels in worth,
 That sooner may
 I drain the sea,
 Or drive the day
 With light away,
 Than fully set it forth,
 Except you join all three to take my part,
 And chiefly Grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay, busy soul, presume not to enquire
 Too much of what Angels can but admire,
 And never comprehend :
 The Trinity
 In Unity,
 And Unity
 In Trinity,
 All reason doth transcend.
 God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghost,
 Who most admireth, magnifieth most.

And who most magnifies best understands,
 And best expresseth what the heads, and hands,
 And hearts, of all men living,
 When most they try
 To glorify,

And raise on high,
 Fall short, and lie,
 Groveling below : Man's giving
 Is but restoring by retail, with loss,
 What from his God he first received in gross.

Faith must perform the office of invention,
 And Elocution, struck with apprehension
 Of wonder silence keep.
 Not tongues, but eyes
 Lift to the skies
 In reverend wise,
 Best solemnize

This day : whereof the deep
 Mysterious subject lies out of the reach
 Of wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.

Then write *non Ultra* here ; Look not for leave
 To speak of what thou never canst conceive
 Worthily, as thou shouldst :
 And it shall be
 Enough for thee,
 If none but he
 Himself doth see,

Though thou canst not, thou wouldst
 Make his praise glorious, who is alone
 Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.



37. Invitation.

TURN in, my Lord, turn in to me ;
 Mine heart's a homely place ;
 But thou canst make corruption flee,
 And fill it with thy grace :
 So furnished it will be brave,
 And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
 It builded was by thee :
 But I to sin set ope the door,
 It render'd was by me.
 And so thy building was defaced,
 And in thy room another placed.

But he usurps, the right is thine :
 O dispossess him, Lord.
 Do thou but say, this heart is mine,
 He's gone at the first word.
 Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
 Thy time is always ; now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart :
 And, *Son give me thine heart.*
 Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,
 Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take it.



38. Comfort in Extremity.

ALAS! my Lord is going,
 Oh my woe!
 It will be mine undoing;
 If he go,
 I'll run and overtake him:
 If he stay,
 I'll cry aloud, and make him
 Look this way.
 O stay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I;
 Comfort me quickly, or I die.

*Cheer up thy drooping spirits,
 I am here.
 Mine all-sufficient merits
 Shall appear
 Before the throne of glory
 In thy stead:
 I'll put into thy story
 What I did.
 Lift up thine eyes, sad soul, and see
 Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.*

Alas! shall I present
 My sinfulness
 To thee? thou wilt resent
 The loathsomeness.

*Be not afraid, I'll take
 Thy Sins on me,
 And all my favour make
 To shine on thee.*

Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.
As I have made thee now, I take thee.

39. Resolution and Assurance.

LORD, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?

Beshrew that not:

It was my sin begot

That Question first: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy blood was spilt

To wash away my guilt,

Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?

Beshrew that not.

'Twas death's accursed plot

To put that question; Yes, I will,

Lord, love thee still,

In spite of all my ill.

Then life, and love continue still

We shall, and will,

My Lord and I, until,

In his celestial hill,

We love our fill,

When he hath purged all mine ill.



40. Vows broken and renewed.

SAID I not so, that I would sin no more?
 Witness my God, I did;
 Yet I am run again upon the score:
 My faults cannot be hid.
 What shall I do? Make vows, and break them still?
 'Twill be but labour lost?
 My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
 The business will be crost.

O, say not so: thou canst not tell what strength
 Thy God may give thee at the length:
 Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
 Thy God will pardon all that's past.
 Vow, whilst thou canst; while thou canst vow,
 thou mayst
 Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
 Whilst he permits thee but to call:
 Call to thy God for grace to keep
 Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
 Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
 Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
 Then once again
 I vow to mend my ways;
 Lord, say Amen,
 And thine be all the praise.



41. Confusion.

HOW my mind
 Is gravell'd !
 Not a thought,
 That I can find,
 But's ravell'd
 All to nought.
 Short ends of threads,
 And narrow shreds
 Of lifts,
 Knots snarled ruffs,
 Loose broken tufts
 Of twists,
 Are my torn meditation's ragged clothing,
 Which, wound and woven shape a suit for nothing :
 One while I think, and then I am in pain
 To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my soul
 But famish
 With this food ?
 Pleasure's full bowl
 Tastes ramish,
 Taints the blood.
 Profit picks bones,
 And chews on stones
 That choke :
 Honour climbs hills,

Fats not, but fills
With smoke.

And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,
They pass by pearls, and stoop to pick up pease.
Such wash and draff is fit for none but swine :
And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Clothe me anew, and feed me then afresh ;
Else my soul dies famish'd, and starved with flesh.

42. A Paradox.



THE WORSE THE BETTER.

WELCOME mine health : this sickness makes
me well.

Medicines adieu :
When with diseases I have list to dwell,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my strength : this weakness makes me able.
Powers adieu :
When I am weary grown of standing stable,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth : this loss hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu :
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit : this disgrace is glory.

Honours adieu :

When for renown, and fame I shall be sorry,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome content : this sorrow is my joy.

Pleasures adieu :

When I desire such griefs as may annoy,
I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,
Are spared best, sometimes, when they are spent :
Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace, and sorrow,
Lend most sometimes, when they seem most to
borrow.

Blest be that hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forsaking me relieves.

If in my fall my rising be thy will,

Lord, I will say, *The worse the better still.*

I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,

And let thy grace supply my want of wit.

Leave me no learning that a man may see,
So I may be a scholar unto thee.



43. Inmates.

HOUSE I had (a heart, I mean), so wide,
 And full of spacious rooms on every side,
 That viewing it I thought I might do well,
 Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
 Of what I could not use, to entertain
 Such guests as came : I did ; But what befell
 Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas ! I have her still)
 A great big bellied guest, enough to fill
 The vast content of hell, Corruption.
 By entertaining her, I lost my right
 To more than all the world hath now in sight.
 Each day, each hour, almost, she brought forth
 one,
 Or other base begot Transgression.

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before
 All that I had, was forced now to score
 For all the charges of their maintenance
 In dooms-day book : Whoever knew't would say
 The least sum there was more than I could pay,
 When first 'twas due, besides continuance,
 Which could not choose but much the debt en-
 hance.

To ease me first I wish'd her to remove :
But she would not. I sued her then above,
And begg'd the Court of heaven but in vain
To cast her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must die or she ;
And yet my death of no avail would be :
For one death I had died already then,
When first she lived in me : and now to die
Another death again were but to tie,
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seized on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life ; but her to kill
I, of myself, had neither power nor will.
So desperate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,
My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew ;
The less I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid :
The more I mused, the more I was dismay'd.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one :
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill Corruption :
And many years ago the deed was done,
His heart was pierced ; out of his side there ran
Sins' corrosives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pity's sake,
 At mercy's gate : where Faith alone may take
 What Grace and Truth do offer liberally.
 Bounty said, Come. I heard it, and believed ;
 None ever there complain'd but was relieved.
 Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
 That thenceforth I should live, Corruption die.

And so she died, I live. But yet, alas !
 We are not parted : She is where she was,
 Cleaves fast unto me still, looks thro' mine eyes,
 Speaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind,
 Works with mine hands : her body's left behind,
 Although her soul be gone. My miseries
 All flow from hence ; from hence my woes arise.

I loathe myself, because I leave her not ;
 Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot,
 Now being dead, that living was my choice ;
 And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears,
 Many faults daily, and as many fears :
 All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
 And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unburied quickly stink
 And putrefy. How can I then but think
 Corruption noisome, even mortified ?
 Though such she were before, yet such to me
 She seemed not. Kind fools can never see,
 Or will not credit, until they have tried,
 That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortified Corruption lies unmask'd,
Blabs her own secret filthiness unask'd,
 To all that understand her. That do none
In whom she lives embraced with delight :
She first of all deprives them of their sight ;
 Then dote they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

But woe is me ! One part of me is dead ;
The other lives : Yet that which lives is led,
 Or rather carried captive unto sin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.
 The worse part of the better, oft doth win :
And, when I should have ended, I begin.

The scent would choke me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place
 With odours of the spirit, which do ease me,
And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed Spirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit,
 And of myself Transgressions only please me,
Add grace enough being revived to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I fold.
 Having no state myself, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou say, avaunt !
 O speak the word, and make these inmates flee :
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.



44. The Curb.

PEACE, rebel thought : dost thou not know
 My God, is here? [thy King,
 Cannot his presence, if no other thing,
 Make thee forbear ?
 Or were he absent, all the standers by
 Are but his spies :
 And well he knows, if thou shouldst it deny,
 Thy words were lies.
 If others will not, yet I must, and will,
 Myself complain.

My God, e'en now a base rebellious thought
 Began to move,
 And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought
 Me from thy love :
 Fain he would have me to believe, that sin
 And thou might both
 Take up my heart together for your Inn,
 And neither loathe
 The other's company : a while fit still,
 And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest :
 The fault is great,
 And I the guilty party have confest,
 I must be beat.

And I refuse not punishment for this,
 Though to my pain ;
So I may learn to do no more amiss,
 Nor sin again :
Correct me, if thou wilt ; but teach me then,
 What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I heard thee say,
 That labour's eased :
The fault, that is confess'd, is done away,
 And thou art pleas'd.
How can I sin again, and wrong thee then,
 That dost relent,
And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men
 Do but repent ?
No, rebel thought ; for if thou move again,
 I'll tell that too.



45. The Lofs.

THE match is made
 Between my Love and me :
And therefore glad
 And merry now I'll be.
Come, glory, crown
 My head ;
 And, pleasures, drown
My bed
 Of thorns in down.

Sorrow, be gone ;
 Delight
 And joy alone
 Befit
 My honey-moon.
Be packing now,
 You cumb'rous cares, and fears :
Mirth will allow
 No room to sighs and tears.
Whilst thus I lay,
 As ravish'd with delight,
I heard one say,
 So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice,
 My Lord's,
 And at the noise
 His words
 Did make, arose.
I look'd, and spied
 Each where,
 And loudly cried,
 My dear ;
 But none replied :
Then to my grief
 I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
 Leaving me all alone.

46. The Search.

WHITHER, oh! whither is my Lord departed?
 parted?

What can my love, that is so tender-hearted,
 Forfake the soul, which once he thorough darted,
 As if it never smarted?

No, fure my love is here, if I could find him:
 He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
 But oh! my senses are too weak to wind him:
 Or else I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not so as I ought;
 Nor seek him so as I by him was fought,
 When I had lost myself: he dearly bought
 Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me found;
 Lost him again, by whom I first was found:
 Him, that exalted me, have cast to the ground;
 My sins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canst tell)
 Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
 For, in thy absence heaven itself is hell:
 Without thee none is well.

'Tis he.

Thanks, bleffed Lord, thine abfence was my hell ;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I fee I muft
Not trust
My joys unto myfelf :
This fhelf,

Of too fecure, and too prefumptuous pleasure,
Had almoft funk my fhip, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended fo,
And go

So fuddenly away ? As if enjoying
Full pleasure and contentment, were annoying,

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.

Joys, amongst other things,
Have wings,

And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is 't enough for me
To be

Instructed to be wife ?

I'll rife,

And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joys would keep
 Must weep ;
 And in the brine of tears
 And fears
 Must pickle them. That powder will preserve :
 Faith with repentance is the foul's conserve.

Learn to make much of care :
 A rare
 And precious balsam 'tis
 For blifs ;
 Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets :
 Heavenly joys on earth are bitter-sweets.



48. Inundations.

CE talk of *Noah's* flood, as of a wonder ;
 And well we may ;
 The Scriptures say,
 The water did prevail, the hills were under,
 And nothing could be seen but Sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpass
 That flood, as far,
 As heaven one star,
 Which many men regard, as little, as
 The ordinarieft things that are.

The one is sin, the other is salvation :
 And we must need
 Confess indeed,
That either of them is an inundation,
 Which doth the deluge far exceed.

In Noah's flood he and his household lived :
 And there abode
 A whole Ark-load
Of other creatures, that were then reprieved :
 All safely on the waters rode.

But when sin came, it overflowed all,
 And left none free :
 Nay, even he,
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,
 But that he was made sin for me ;

And, when salvation came, my Saviour's blood
 Drown'd sin again,
 With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
 With good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,
 Let grace o'erflow
 In my soul so,
That thankfulness may level with salvation,
 And sorrow sin may overgrow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
 That Angel's shall
 Admire man's fall,
 When they shall see God's greatest glory grow,
 Where Satan thought to root out all.



49. Sin.

SIN, I would fain define thee; but thou art
 An uncouth thing:
 All that I bring
 To show thee fully, shows thee but in part.

I call thee the transgression of the Law,
 And yet I read
 That sin is dead
 Without the Law; and thence its strength doth draw.

I say thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true:
 And yet I find
 Death comes behind:
 The work is done before the pay be due.

I say thou art the devil's work; Yet he
 Should much rather
 Call thee father;
 For he had been no devil but for thee.

What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,
 Right understood,
 Be names too good,
 I'll say thou art the quintessence of evil.



50. Travels at Home.

OFt have I wish'd a traveller to be :
 Mine eyes did even itch the fights to see,
 That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
 Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
 That never says, enough; yet still was crost,
 When opportunities had promised most.
 At last I said, what mean'st thou, wandering elf,
 To straggle thus? Go travel first thyself.
 Thy little world can show thee wonders great :
 The greater may have more, but not more neat
 And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
 Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
 Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
 And Afric thine affections. And if still
 Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
 For both the Indies. Make no more pretences,
 Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
 And nearest, little world is still unknown.
 Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,
 Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses :
 Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
 Close up thine annals, and thine histories.

Study thyself, and read what thou hast writ
 In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit
 To labour after other knowledge so,
 And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know?
 Travels abroad both dear and dangerous are,
 Whilst oft the soul pays for the body's fare:
 Travels at home are cheap, and safe. Salvation
 Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.

*He that doth live at home, and learns to know
 God and himself, needeth no further go.*



51. The Journey.

LIFE is a journey. From our mothers' wombs,
 As houses, we set out: and in our tombs,
 As Inns, we rest, till it be time to rise.
 'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
 Haughty presumption and hell-deep despair
 Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.
 The world, with its enticements sleek and sly,
 Slabbers our steps, and makes them slippery.
 The flesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
 And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet.
 The devil where we tread, doth spread his snares,
 And with temptations takes us unawares.
 Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our
 works:
 These carry us along; in these there lurks
 Envy, lust, avarice, ambition,

The crooked turnings to perdition.
 One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes
 Of wordly profits ; and the devil takes
 Delight to see us pierce ourselves with sorrow
 To-day, by thinking what may be to-morrow.
 Another while we wade, and wallow in
 Puddles of pleasure : and we never lin
 Daubing ourselves, with dirty damn'd delights,
 Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.
 Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks
 Of icy honour ; and we break our ranks
 To step before our fellows ; though, they say,
 He soonest tireth, that still leads the way.
 Sometimes, when others juggle and provoke us,
 We stir that dust ourselves, that serves to choke us ;
 And raise those tempests of contention, which
 Blow us beside the way into the ditch.
 Our minds should be our guides ; but they are blind :
 Our wills outrun our wits, or lag behind.
 Our furious passions, like unbridled jades,
 Hurry us headlong to the infernal shades.
 If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
 Eternal death will be our journey's end.

52. Engines.



MEN often find, when nature's at a stand,
 And hath in vain tried all her utmost strength,
 That Art, her Ape, can reach her out a hand,

To piece her powers with to a full length.
 And may not grace have means enough in store
 Wherewith to do as much as that, and more ?

She may : she hath engines of every kind,
 To work, what Art and Nature, when they view,
 Stupendous miracles of wonder find,
 And yet must needs acknowledge to be true ;
 So far transcending all their power and might,
 That they amazed stand e'en at the fight.

Take but three instances ; faith, hope, and love.
 Souls help'd by the perspective glass of faith
 Are able to perceive what is above
 The reach of reason : yea, the Scripture faith,
 E'en him that is invisible behold,
 And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith looks into the secret Cabinet
 Of God's eternal Counsels, and doth see
 Such mysteries of glory there, as set
 Believing hearts on longing, till they be
 Transform'd to the same image, and appear
 So alter'd, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
 Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet,
 Felicity and misery, can crown
 Reproach with honour, season sour with sweet.
 Nothing's impossible to faith : a man
 May do all things that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
Above itself in expectation
Of what the soul desireth for its part :
Then, when its time of transmigration
Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently
To wait, as if 'twere answer'd by and by.

When grief unwieldy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will :
So that a large circumference of late
A little centre shall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which giant-like before did strut,
Be able with a pigmy's pace to hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That fear hath overspread the soul withal ;
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright
As the Sun-beams spread on a silver wall.
Sin-shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds steady,
When storm and tempests make them more than
giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the world's wide wilderness ;
And burdens seeming most intolerable
Both to take up, and bear with cheerfulness.
To do, or suffer, what appears in fight
Extremely heavy, love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done, or suffered,
Either for God, or else for one another,

Though in itself it be much blemished
With many imperfections, which smother,
And drown, the worth, and weight of it; yet, fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwise,
Or would be both diverse, and distant. Deep,
High, long, and broad, or whatsoever size
Eternity is of, or happiness,
Love comprehends it all, be 't more or less.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them possess mine heart,
And gladly I'll resign to other men
All I can claim by nature or by art.
To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable,
These are alone Engines incomparable.



Notes on the Temple and Synagogue.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

G HERBERT is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a *devotional*, Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness, in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

The Church, say rather, the Churchmen of *England* under the first two *Stuarts*, have been charged with a yearning after the Romish fopperies and even the Papistic usurpations, but we shall decide more correctly, as well as more charitably, if for the Romish and Papistic we substitute the *Patristic* leaven. There even was (natural enough from their distinguished learning, and knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquities) an overrating of the Church and of the Fathers, for the first five or even six centuries; the lines on the Egyptian monks, “Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*” [p. 222] supply a striking instance and illustration of this.

P. 12, last stanza. I do not understand this stanza.

P. 43. 'My flesh began unto my soul in pain.' Either a misprint, or a noticeable idiom of the word 'began?' Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is;—the first colloquy or address of the flesh.

P. 47. 'With an exact and most particular trust,' &c. I find few historical facts so difficult of solution as the continuance, in Protestantism, of this anti-Scriptural superstition.

P. 57. 'This verse marks that,' &c. The spiritual unity of the Bible—the order and connexion of organic forms, in which the unity of life is shown, though as widely dispersed in the world of the mere sight as the text.

P. 57. 'Then, as dispersed herbs do *watch* a potion.' Some misprint.

P. 93. 'A *box* where,' &c. Nest.

P. 97. 'Distinguished.' I understand this but imperfectly. Distinguished—they form an island? and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water? but then how is the ascending sap "our cleanliness?"

P. 151. 'But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.' Nay, the contrary; take wine to be blood, and *the* blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of *England* demands; for Consubstantiation only *adds* a mystery to that of Transubstantiation, which it implies.

P. 189. 'The Flower.' *A delicious poem.*

P. 189. 'The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.'

Epitritus primus + Dactyl + Trochee + a long monosyllable, which, together with the pause intervening between it and the preceding trochee, equals ∪ ∪ ∪, form a pleasing variety in the Pentameter Iambic with rhymes. Ex. gr.

The lāte pāst frōsts | trībütēs öf | pleāfüre brīng.

N. B. First, the difference between — ∪ | — and an amphimacer — ∪ — | and this not always or necessarily arising out of the latter being one word. It may even consist of three words: yet the effect be the same. It is the pause that makes the difference. Secondly, the expediency if not necessity that the first syllable both of the Dactyl and the Trochee should be short by quantity, and only long by force of accent or position—the Epitrite being true *lengths*.

Whether the last syllable be long or short, the force of the rhymes renders indifferent.

P. 189. 'As if there *were no such cold thing.*' Had been no such thing.

P. 195. 'That choice,' &c. Their.

P. 198. 'E'en in my *enemies*' fight.' Foemen's.

P. 216. 'That they in *merit* shall excel.' I should not have expected from *Herbert* so open an avowal of Romanism in the article of *merit*. In the same spirit is *holy Macarius* and great *Anthony*, p. 220.*

P. 317. 'Although it be of *tuch.*' *Tuch* rhyming to *much*, from the German *tuch*, cloth;—I never met with it before, as an English word. So I find *platt* for foliage in *Stanley's* Hist. of Philosophy, p. 22.

P. 332. 'Though bishops without presbyteries many.' An instance of *proving too much*.

P. 333. 'To several *persons,*' &c. Functions of times, but not persons, of necessity? Ex. Bishop to Archbishop.

P. 335. 'That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.' Equally unthinking and uncharitable;—I approve of them;—but yet re-

* The Rev. Dr. *Bliss* has kindly furnished the following judicious remark, and which is proved to be correct, as the word is printed 'heare' in the first edition (1633). He says, "Let me take this opportunity of mentioning what a very learned and able friend pointed out on this note. The fact is, *Coleridge* has been misled by an error of the press.

What others mean to do, I know not well,
Yet I here tell, &c. &c.

should be *hear tell*. The sense is then obvious, and *Herbert* is not made to do that which he was the last man in the world to have done, namely, to avow 'Romanism in the article of merit;' on the contrary, he says, although I know not the intention of others, yet I am told that there are who will plead their freedom from sin and the excellence of their own deeds—not so with me, when my account is called for, so far from laying claim to any merit, I shall at once tender the New Testament, by which we learn that *Christ* hath taken upon himself our sins. *Herbert* does not avow the article of merit; he hears that some do, but resolves 'that to decline.'"

member Roman Catholic idolatry, and that it originated in such high flown metaphors as these.

P. 335. 'The Sabbath, or Lord's Day.' Make it sense, and lose the rhyme; or make it rhyme, and lose the sense.

P. 339. 'The Nativity,' &c. The only poem in the *Synagogue* which possesses *poetic* merit; with a few changes and additions this would be a striking poem.

Mr. C. proposes to substitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line:

To sheath or blunt one happy ray,
That wins new splendour from the day.
This day that gives the power to rise,
And shine on hearts as well as eyes:
This birth-day of all souls, when first
On eyes of flesh and blood did burst
That primal great lucific light,
That rays to thee, to us gave sight.

P. 348. 'Whitfunday.' The spiritual miracle was the descent of the Holy Ghost: the outward the wind and the tongues; and so St. *Peter* himself explains it. That each individual obtained the power of speaking all languages, is neither contained in, nor fairly deducible from, St. *Luke's* account.

P. 351. 'All reason doth *transcend*.' Most true; but not *contradict*. Reason is to faith, as the eye to the telescope.

Mr. *Coleridge*, in his *Biographia Literaria*, after quoting some stanzas from *Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida*, says, "Another exquisite master of this species of style, where the scholar and the poet supplies the material, but the perfect well-bred gentleman, the expressions and the arrangement, is *George Herbert*. As from the nature of the subject, and the two frequent quaintness of the thoughts, his *Temple; or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations* are comparatively but little known, I shall extract two poems. The first is a sonnet, equally admirable for the weight, number, and expression of the thoughts, and for the simple dignity of the language (unless

indeed a fastidious taste should object to the latter half of the sixth line); the second is a poem of greater length, which I have chosen not only for the present purpose, but likewise as a striking example and illustration of an assertion hazarded in a former page of these sketches: namely, that the characteristic fault of our elder poets is the reverse of that, which distinguishes too many of our recent versifiers; the one conveying the most fantastic thoughts in the most correct and natural language; the other in the most fantastic language conveying the most trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words; the former an enigma of thoughts. The one reminds me of an odd passage in *Drayton's Ideas*:

SONNET IX.

As other men, so I myself do muse,
 Why in this sort I wrest invention so;
 And why these giddy metaphors I use,
 Leaving the path the greater part do go?
 I will resolve you: *I am lunatic!*

The other recalls a still odder passage in the *Synagogue: or the Shadow of the Temple*, a connected series of poems in imitation of *Herbert's Temple*, and in some editions annexed to it:

O! how my mind, &c. p. 357.

Immediately after these burlesque passages, I cannot proceed to the extracts promised, without changing the ludicrous tone of feeling by the interposition of the three following stanzas of *Herbert's*:

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, &c. p. 92.

THE BOSOM SIN.

Lord, with what care, &c. p. 41.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, sit down, &c. p. 144.

Vide *Biographia Literaria*, vol. 2. p. 98.

The best and most forcible sense of a word is often that which is contained in its Etymology. The author of the Poems (the *Synagogue*), frequently affixed to *Herbert's Temple*, gives the original purport of the word Integrity, in the following lines of the fourth stanza of the eighth poem ;

Next to Sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon *Integrity*.
God will have *all* thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works.

And again, after some verses on constancy and humility, the poem concludes with—

He that desires to see
The face of God, in his religion must
Sincere, *entire*, constant, and humble be.

Having mentioned the name of *Herbert*, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts, not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind. *The Friend*, vol. i. p. 53, edit. 1837.

FINIS.



